THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXVII—No. 1136

SEPTEMBER 9, 1925

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

HOW CRICKET SHOULD BE BRIGHTENED

Spinet
The SUPER CIGARETTE
Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped
20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's
The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe
Spinet The SUPER Mixture
2/2 per 2oz. in enamelled pocket tins

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

DEAFNESS DEFEATED
WEMBLEY
Bay 6 Ave. 7 Palace of Housing Near Kelvin & Faraday Gates.
No matter the cause, extent or duration of your case YOU CAN HEAR to-day and always the NEW simple, natural, inconspicuous Ardente-Acoustique way. Used by deaf Doctors, English, American and Continental Society leaders and recommended by eminent Aurists. Hands free. Whispers distinct. Personal Demonstrations Daily.
NO CONSULTATION FEE.
Mr R.H DENT'S ARDENTE ACOUSTIQUE
For deaf ear needs "ARDENTE-ACOUSTIQUE" leads.
No. 1, Ardente House, 95, WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Back of Selfridges). Mayfair 1380.
CARDIFF. MANCHESTER. GLASGOW

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Your Children's Health
demands that the greatest care be exercised in all they take. As a perfectly safe aperient, DINNEFORD'S Pure Fluid Magnesia has no superior.
Many eminent chemists have proved that solid or powdered magnesia is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels, endangering and sometimes destroying life.
There is no risk with DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
No other aperient should be administered to infants. Prevents food from turning sour during digestion. Especially adapted for delicate constitutions. Recommended by doctors for over 100 years.
e universal remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections.
AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on bottle and label.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST EXTRA QUALITY EXTRA DRY

Cadbury's
CARNIVAL CHOCOLATES
Made at Bournville
SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over forty—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?

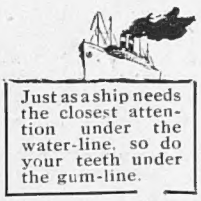
Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums—*not* the teeth

You may take splendid care of your teeth—brush them several times a day—and still get Pyorrhea. Once Pyorrhea gets a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

Forhan's For the Gums means healthy gums

Forhan's For the Gums protects and preserves the gums, keeping them in a firm, pink, healthy condition. It cleans and whitens the teeth, and keeps the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue the tooth paste you are now using, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

Thousands have found Forhan's For the Gums beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for and get Forhan's For the Gums. At all chemists.



Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do your teeth under the gum-line.

FREE *Liberal One Week Trial Tube sent free on request. Thos. Christy & Co., Dept. 14, 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4*

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

The "Great" boiler for the "Small" house

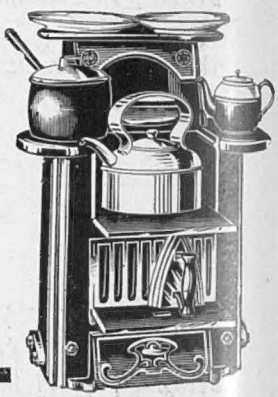
The "Domestikatum" stands alone as the only Hot Water Supply Boiler with an absolutely open grate. It provides constant hot water for baths and household use, gives a cheerful fire in the kitchen, and meets practically all cooking requirements except oven baking. It is economical in time and fuel, and has no bright parts to need continual cleaning.

Note the name!
Note the price!
Note the absolutely open fire!

and don't confuse it with other "Domestic" boilers now sold, as it possesses advantages which no other boiler can give.

Price £7 : 7 : 3

The Domestikatum Boiler



Call and see us at STAND No. 46, Builders' Exhibition, Bingley Hall, Birmingham.

Write for full informative leaflet, telling you all about this boiler.

JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
"Titan Boiler Works"
STOURBRIDGE.

FURNITURE AND WORKS OF ART

Modern and Antique, for immediate disposal,

by order of trustees, removed from Cavendish Square, W., Buckingham Palace Mansions and Maidenhead, also remaining items from "Pantia Ralli" collection, the late Rt. Hon. Lord Mount-Stephen, G.C.V.O., and the Agnew Collections. The whole of these magnificent goods to be disposed of regardless of original cost. EVERY DAY 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS. Any item may be selected now and held for delivery till required or delivered Town, Country or Abroad

DINING-ROOMS, RECEPTION-ROOMS and LIBRARIES in styles of Adam, Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton. Complete sets ranging from 15 guineas up to 1,000 guineas. Special attention is called to a very beautiful set in rich dark mahogany of Queen Anne style, comprising sideboard, extending oval dining-table on shaped legs, and a complete set of dining chairs with carving chairs to match, the whole set being offered at £37, and another complete set of exquisite make of Sheraton style offered at £45. Complete reception-room sets, including Oak Dresser, extending table, and complete set of chairs for 15 guineas. Chesterfield settee with two large Lounge Easy Chairs covered Crocodile grain, with loose cushions, 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak in Elizabethan, James, Charles II., including old Court cupboards, dressers, refectory, and other tables, chairs, stools, old armour, and sporting trophies.

122 BEDROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS, including old four-post beds, tallboy, and other chests, also complete modern suites of excellent make and design. Carved walnut and gilt, black and gold lacquer of Chinese style. Richly painted satinwood, French lacquered, etc., ranging from 10 guineas up to 700 guineas.

Special attention is directed to several sets of exquisite design and finish, comprising roomy wardrobes, dressing chests, washing stands and chests, chairs, etc. A complete bedroom suite in Old English style offered at 17 guineas. Complete sets in Chippendale and Sheraton style at 18 guineas, and also sets in figured Walnut of Queen Anne and William and Mary design from 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak Bedroom effects, including Elizabethan style four-post bed, Cupboards and Old Oak Chests. Many fine old pieces worth the attention of connoisseurs

DRAWING-ROOMS in English and Continental styles, including some choice specimens of painted satinwood, Walnut and Gilt, Black and Red Chinese lacquer. A magnificent Louis XVI set, covered real hand-made Aubusson Tapestries, being offered at 85 guineas (cost over treble).

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES and EASY CHAIRS of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs, and covered in choice silk velvets, tapestries, and art linen, ranging in price from settees 3 guineas each up to 35 guineas, and easy chairs 45s. each up to 20 guineas

IANOFORTES, Baby Grand and Upright, from 10 guineas.

CARPETS, Persian Turkey, Indian, and English Axminster.

Complete canteens containing cutlery, by Mappin and Webb, and other eminent makers, from £4 4s.; fine cut-glass and other table services; silver-plate, tea and dinner services, grandfather and bracket chiming clocks, iron safes, quantity of bed and table linen.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT
By H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (P.) NOW READY. MAY BE HAD FREE ON APPLICATION.

FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES LTD.,
(By Royal Appointment to H.M. The King of Spain).
PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N. 1.

Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.
'Buses 144a, 43a & 43f, 10, 143a, 4a and 30 pass our door.

The New Steinway Hall, 1 & 2 George Street, Conduit Street, W. 1

Come and spend a fascinating half-hour in the splendid salons of the new Steinway Hall. Here you may revel in the touch of the incomparable Steinway and listen to its liquid notes, making up your mind that one day it will be your proud privilege to say–

The Piano is a STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

GRANDS UPRIGHTS AND REPRODUCING PLAYER PIANOS

GRADUAL PAYMENTS. *You can get any Steinway Piano immediately by paying a small percentage of the purchase price now and the balance in quarterly instalments. Write for details of this convenient scheme. . .*

STEINWAY & SONS – STEINWAY HALL – 1 & 2 GEORGE STREET, CONDUIT STREET, W. 1

Hairdressing Artistry

THERE are vital considerations which distinguish the woman whose hair has been dressed by an artist in his craft.

The Hairdressers of the Phyllis Earle Salons are of European repute because they uphold the best traditions of their artistry, combining with their supreme skill a regard for the client's comfort.

	£	s.	d.
Shampoo		2	0
Cut, Singe and Shampoo		3	6
Waving		2	0
Water Waving Naturally Wavy or Permanently Waved Head		3	6
Shampoo and Water Wave		5	0
Shampoo and Marcel Wave		4	0
Shingling, First time		5	6
Shingling, Subsequently		3	6

PERMANENT WAVING—

	£	s.	d.
(*a*) *Full Head*	5	5	0
(*b*) *Shingled Head*	3	13	6
(*c*) *Side Pieces*	1	5	0

Phyllis Earle Salons

15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.1
(*Near Selfridge's*)
Special appointment 'Phone Mayfair 3798

A NEW MARSHALL & SNELGROVE FELT

Inexpensive Millinery Department, Ground Floor.

Posed by Miss Heather Thatcher

BECOMING HAT in fine quality felt, with bind and trimming of Petersham ribbon. In Black, Cedar, Brown, Purple, Green, and Reindeer.

PRICE **45/-**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

The Art of Arriving in Scotland

TO step from a train fresh and unfatigued after a journey of four hundred miles; to have made the journey in the minimum of time; to have enjoyed every moment of the run; that is the experience of those who take the East Coast Expresses from King's Cross to Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth and Inverness.

The "Flying Scotsman" leaves each week-day morning at ten. Other Restaurant, Pullman, and Sleeping Car Trains depart at convenient intervals.

The traveller by day sees country richer in Abbeys, Castles, Cathedrals and Historical Remains than any other between England and Scotland.

Those who take the night journey sleep undisturbed in Cars freed, by a method of suspension, from all vibration.

from **KING'S CROSS** *by*
The East Coast Route
SHORTEST AND QUICKEST.

Full particulars from Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R., King's Cross Station, London, N.1, or from any L.N.E.R. Ticket Office,

L·N·E·R

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

ATTRACTIVE UNDERWEAR AT EXTREMELY MODERATE PRICES

Hosiery Dept., Ground Floor.

Silk and Wool Combinations *of medium weight, an ideal garment for present wear. Soft and extremely good wearing, reliable make. Reinforced in wearing parts, with fancy princess top and kilt legs as sketch. Medium size,*

PRICE
27/9
Outsize 2/6 extra.

Also with low neck, no sleeves, with princess top.
29/9
Outsize 2/6 extra.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

PETER ROBINSON

NEW FASHIONS
for the
AUTUMN

387. Repp Coat-frock with a foundation of black Satin. The panels are beautifully embroidered with silk and metal thread. Colours: bottle green, saxe, fawn, cinnamon, nigger, Bordeaux, navy, also in black. Sizes: W. and O.S.

8 Gns.

Not sent on approval.

388. Two-piece Gown and Coat of Wool Repp with embroideries of silk and metal thread. The coat is lined throughout with self-coloured Satin. Colours: rust, fawn, saxe, bottle green, Bordeaux, cinnamon, navy, also in black. Sizes: W. and O.S.

10 Gns.

Not sent on approval.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., Oxford St. and Regent St., W.1

"Luvisca" Regd
SHIRTS
PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

have all the qualities of silk, are inexpensive and very durable; they are in every way a profitable investment.

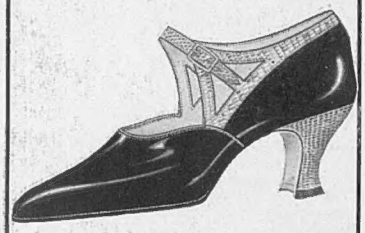
ASK YOUR OUTFITTER OR STORES TO SHOW YOU THE NEWEST PATTERNS.

LOOK FOR THE "LUVISCA" TAB ON EVERY GARMENT NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

If any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA" SHIRTS, PYJAMAS and SOFT COLLARS, write to COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 8 M), 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, who will send you name of your nearest retailer and descriptive booklet.

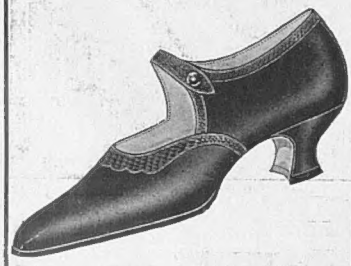
Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

LADIES' RELIABLE HIGH-GRADE FOOTWEAR



New Black Patent Fancy Bar Shoe, Grey or Fawn Lizard Heel and Strappings.

Price 65/9



Exclusive Model in Brown Sealskin, with Lizard Collar to tone, also in Black Seal with Grey Lizard Collar. Low Louis XV Heel.

Price 65/9

New Patent Leather Court Shoe, Smart Toe, Louis XV Heel, also in Tan or Nigger Willow Calf.

Price 49/6

Almond Brown Crocodile Cross Bar Shoe, Smart Toe, Louis XV Heel, excellent fitting.

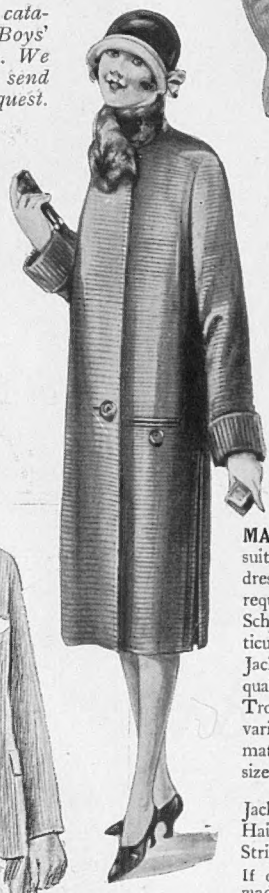
Price 79/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD.
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

The wide range of sizes in ready-to-wear garments at Goochs enables you to obtain a complete and correct school outfit in one visit. The tailoring in every case is excellent, the materials of the very finest quality, and prices are always sufficiently moderate to please you.

Our new illustrated catalogues of Girls' and Boys' Wear are now ready. We shall be pleased to send them post free on request.



"PEGGY"
Smart Girl's Coat in ottoman velour trimmed with seal coney. It is lined to waist. Stocked in brown, green, and navy.

PRICE 89/-

'RUGBY'

MARLBOROUGH SUIT. A suit in which a boy can feel dressed. Designed to meet the requirements of many Public Schools and made from particularly durable cloths. The Jacket and Vest are in good quality black coating, and the Trousers are obtainable in a variety of suitable striped materials. Ready to wear, in sizes to fit 10 to 18 years.

First size from

Jacket and Vest	48/-
Hairline Trousers	22/6
Striped ,,	26/-

If desired, these suits can be made to special measure. Patterns and prices will be gladly sent on request.

A FASHION PARADE
Goochs invite you to their mannequin parade on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 15th and 16th September, from 3 to 4 o'clock. Special demonstrations of shoe-making by hand, and knitting of children's wear will also be given on the ground floor from Monday until Friday between 10 and 5 o'clock.

RUGBY SUIT. An approved style at many Preparatory Schools, so made that rough and tumble is allowed for both in strength of tailoring and material. Stocked in a carefully selected range of durable Tweeds in suitable colourings. To fit 8 to 14 years.

First size from 54/-

GOOCHS Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. *Telephone: Kensington 5100.*
Buses: Nos. 96, 74, 30 and 14 to door. *Telegrams: "Voganval, Knights, London."*

CHIVERS' PURE FOODS

Purveyor of Jams Jellies and Canned English Fruits to his Majesty KING GEORGE V

By Appointment

Chivers' SEASON FILLED Jams

FROM ORCHARD TO HOME AND GUARANTEED PURE

CHIVERS' JAMS are prepared on the home-made principle from selected fruit and refined sugar only. CHIVERS & SONS take the choicest fruit straight from their own orchards to their Factory, and the Jam is in the jar within a few hours from the picking of the fruit, while it has all its richness, freshness and quality.

Chivers' Jellies

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices. The family and visitors, children and adults, all delight in CHIVERS' JELLIES—they are delicious, wholesome and refreshing.

Always turn out well, always appreciated, and always in season.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.
The Orchard Factory,
Histon, Cambridge, England.

DICKINS & JONES
REGENT STREET. W.1

A Young Ladies' Charming KNITTED DRESS

SMARTNESS combines with inexpensiveness to make this Young Lady's Knitted Dress a special autumn feature in self-coloured checks. Can be worn open at neck if desired. Colours: Brown, Brick and Saxe. Sizes: 36", 39" and 42". Price for 36" **57/6**

Rising 2/- per size.

Our new booklet, entitled "Youthful Fashions for Golden Autumn," deals with every phase of Fashions for girls and young ladies. It is free for the asking.

DICKINS & JONES LTD., W.1

GIRLS' USEFUL FROCKS
FOR SCHOOL WEAR

Our Children's and Young Ladies' Department contains an infinite variety of practical and useful, and at the same time quite inexpensive School Frocks for girls of all ages. All these garments are designed by our own workers, and the materials employed are invariably of a fashionable, and, at the same time, a practical and useful character.

GIRL'S SCHOOL FROCK (as sketch), in good quality repp, cut on simple lines, with inverted pleat at sides, finished with pockets and half belt, and trimmed with crêpe de Chine picot edged collar and cuffs, and bow and long ends of moire ribbon. In a few good colours. In size for 36 inches,

PRICE
78/6
Rising 5/- each size.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1

ORIGINAL & BECOMING
TEA FROCK
FOR PRESENT WEAR

"AUDREY"

Charming Tea Frock in good quality Georgette, possessing the long bodice, straight back and gauged skirt reinforced with metal lace, and lined Japanese silk to tone.

In all colours and black.

SPECIAL PRICE
98/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

PETER ROBINSON

HAIRDRESSING
Manicure & Chiropody.
SALON
(Top Floor).

PERMANENT WAVING

Whole Head from	£5.5.0
Half Head from	£3.3.0
Sides from	£1.10.0

Shingled and Permanently Waved in our Salon.

Artistic Transformations can be seen in our Salon. Only the finest quality Hair is used for Postiche work. Experts are always in attendance to advise customers.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., Oxford St. & Regent St., W.1.

By Appointment.

By Appointment.

The Amylyte

This hat presents an entirely new feature in gentlemen's headwear.

It is a bowler hat embodying the comfort, lightness and flexibility of a soft felt.

Branches at :
8, Castle St., LIVERPOOL. 40, Westmoreland St., DUBLIN.
45, Gordon St., GLASGOW. 11, Market St., MANCHESTER.
8, Donegall Place, BELFAST.
Birmingham Agents :
W. C. RICHARDS & CO., 67, Corporation Street.

WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly, London, W1.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

TRAVELLER

CIGARETTES

made entirely from Virginia Leaf specially selected. Plain or cork tipped as preferred

10 *for* 8d
20 *for* 1/4

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

Tx6

FASHIONS DEMAND
HINDES
HAIR WAVERS

Exide Week
Sept 7-12

THE modern motor car and the growth of wireless have made the storage battery—once a box of mystery—a vitally interesting subject to everyone.

September 7th to 12th provides a unique opportunity to acquire information, help and advice. 450 Service Stations and thousands of traders are making special displays of the scores of different types of Exide batteries. They will be pleased to explain and demonstrate the reasons for Exide superiority.

See the displays and ask for leaflets.

Exide THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

IRISH LINEN TABLE DAMASK

IN nothing is the flax plant so beautiful as in snowy-white table linen, so clear, almost reflecting the glass and silver, and such a background for either simple fare or the daintiest dishes.

All qualities manufactured by us are reliable, and the prices reasonable.

Full particulars are given in our Linen List 44T which will be sent post free on request.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.
IRISH LINEN MANUFACTURERS,
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

WARM SHETLAND WOOL
Scarves and Motor Wraps

Light and fleecy, yet *so* cosily warm. Made from "Shetland," the "downiest" of soft wools. We are the actual manufacturers, and spin direct from the fleece. These scarves are made in practically any combination of natural colours. Ask for descriptive booklet.

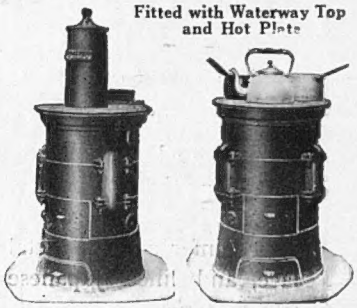
Trade Enquiries Invited.

T. M. HUNTER, Ltd.,
Sutherland Wool Mills,
BRORA, N.B.

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
TRADE MARK
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 4 16in. x 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. x 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
,, 6 ,,	12	x 56	x 8	,, 6 ,,	40	x 45	x 10
,, 7 ,,	12	x 64	x 8	,, 7 ,,	45	x 45	x 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.
Telegrams: "Newton, Sheffield." Estab. 1793. *Telephone:* Ecclesfield 71 & 72

SELFRIDGE'S

Chill October is almost here

—already Nature is voicing her warnings. And, as our children cannot migrate and 'winter abroad,' the only sound course is to clothe them in Chilprufe Pure Wool.

CHILPRUFE REGD. for CHILDREN

These dainty, nicely-shaped garments afford ample warmth but cause no irritation. The pearly-coloured fabric—close, soft and supple—retains its silky feel by virtue of a secret finishing process. Colour, shape and texture are not harmed by wash and wear. Models for cradle, nursery and school —a fresh supply in our Children's Department.

CHILPRUFE REGD for LADIES

—the new companion range has all the elegance and charm desired by ladies of close discrimination. Each model is scientifically designed to combine the protective virtues of the finest Pure Wool with perfect ease and fit at all times. Numerous styles to meet the varied notes of modern outwear, all trimmed with Real Silk Laces.

Write for New Illustrated Price List to :—

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., LONDON

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' *certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it, its admirable effects upon the* **general health and condition of the hair** *and so on; but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' *is nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. . . .* **I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."**—HYGEIA *(Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty").*

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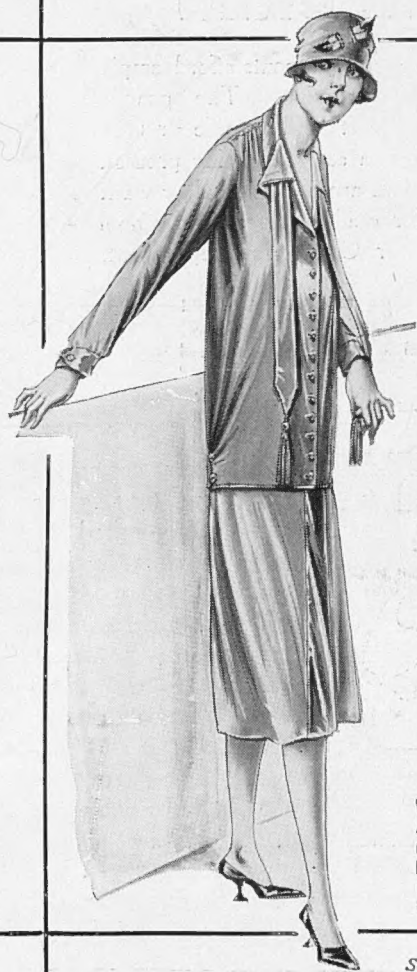

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The Bystander, September 9, 1925

No. 1136. Vol. LXXXVII

The BYSTANDER

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A Sunday Audition

ENDLESS possibilities are suggested by Mr. André Charlot's decision to hold a Sunday audition for those business girls who want to join his chorus at the Prince of Wales Theatre. I have always felt that the business girl, who works long hours with a solitary half-holiday in the week, gets precious little out of life, and anything that tends to broaden and beautify her existence has my cordial support.

Broad and Beautiful

KNOWING and liking Mr. Charlot as I do, I don't at all suggest that his motives are entirely altruistic. It is even possible that he hopes to secure a recruit or two for his good-looking and high-stepping chorus. After all, it is only a step from the art of type-writing to the altar of Terpsichore, and a lady secretary has been known to dance before to-day. But I am inclined to think that Mr. Charlot, who is himself both broad and beautiful, was tempted to broaden and beautify the lives of young city ladies in the belief that his action would result in further publicity for *Charlot's Revue* (September version). That result, so far as I am concerned, has been achieved.

I Am Much Obliged

THE girl who goes to an office before the shops are opened and leaves it after the shops are shut lives no sort of life. If she wants to buy a packet of safety pins or book a seat for the theatre she must go without her lunch, and it is not good for future generations that the young girl of to-day should lunch on a theatre ticket or a packet of pins.

A Happy Chance

THE other evening, chancing to feel somewhat depressed, I took a turn along the Embankment to watch the reflections of the night signs dancing in the dark waters of the Thames. While thus employed I chanced upon that cheery soul, Chance Newton, the critic, who has seen eighty-seven Hamlets, and who knows more about the theatre than any other living man. These chance encounters are usually rich in results, and my imaginary troubles were soon forgotten in the warm glow of his merry optimism.

A Tale of Vance

HE told me one good story of the Great Vance, which I will try to pack into a paragraph. When Vance died, an unknown clergyman wrote to ask if he might officiate at the funeral. At the close of the service the priest told how, as a young man at Oxford, he fell into evil company, and was spending a rackety time in a music-hall bar, when a strange man drew him out of the group and said: "I am Vance, the man you haven't been listening to. Come with me!" In the result, the comedian and the embryo clergyman became firm friends; the latter took orders and lived to pay this dramatic tribute to the character of a great man and a famous artist.

A Trifle Mixed

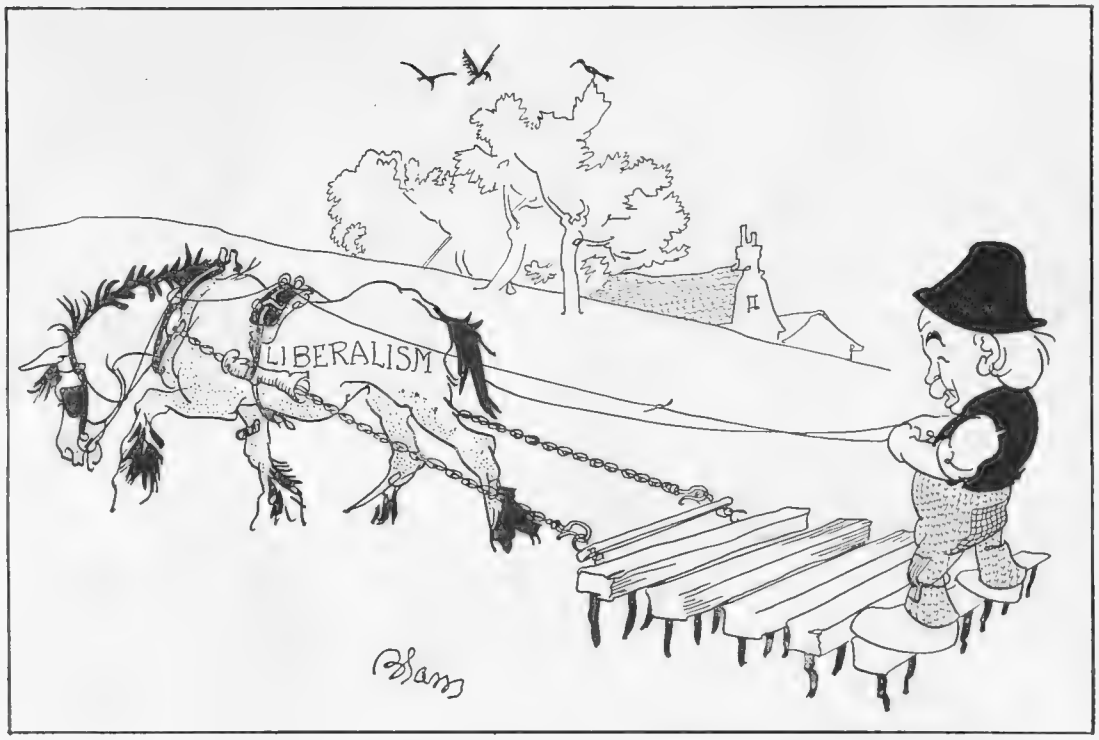
THE unusually heavy scoring in League games has been wrongly attributed to the new off-side rule. Quite obviously the warm weather has deluded football-players into the belief that they are playing cricket, and there will be more surprises before the frosts of late autumn come along to dispel that illusion. Meanwhile, I suggest that goalies should be allowed to wear two pairs of pads and wicket-keeping gloves.

Advertisers All

Most of us have souls above advertising—in theory, but how we all scramble after a bit of limelight in actual practice! First, there were the doctors who held professionally aloof, until X, that eminent surgeon, had the mortification of reading a letter in the *Times*, signed by Y, that eminent throat specialist. Nowadays, the artists are beginning to feel that certain of their number are stealing a march on the less enterprising of their clan, and there are rumblings in Chelsea and St. John's Wood accordingly.

What Chelsea Wants to Know

Much of the trouble, I gather, has been caused by those photographs in the picture papers of Sir John Lavery painting his umpteenth portrait of his wife. No self-respecting journal, one gathers, is complete without a reproduction in half-tone of this epoch-making incident, and what Chelsea is asking is, "How *do* these things get into the papers?" Pure professional jealousy, of course, but even so, did not Rembrandt exhibit his pictures in his window, and did not Van Dyck peddle his wares, carrying his latest and greatest effort under his arm?



"BACK TO THE LAND" AGAIN—A HARROWING TASK! By "Blam"

Romance and the Riviera

The secretary of that well-known Bohemian resort, the Ham Bone Club, is a romantic young man with ideas above his present station. When he told me in a burst of confidence that he intended to buy one of the little hill villages of the Riviera and turn it into an Artists' Colony, I smiled the rather superior smile of one who accepts a surprising statement with a pinch of salt. But it appears that Mr. George Hill, that's his name, really means business, and that it only remains to raise the necessary capital and hang the chintz curtains. I understand that the village will be known as St. George en Pins, and that the Alps have been re-christened the Ham Bone Hills.

A Curious Phase

Dramatic criticism is going through a curious phase. All the critics seem to be producing plays, and, with one outstanding exception, they are not getting too good a time of it. Having sampled the trials and troubles that beset the path of the dramatist, they will probably adopt a more sympathetic attitude towards their victims and become even better critics in the future than they have been in the past.

Wanton Cruelty!

There are two sides to every question. For years I have taken my day with the hounds as occasion offered and have felt no particular ill-effects, apart from a certain stiffness in the joints, on the morning following my first outing. But after reading a letter from the Secretary of the League for Prohibition of Cruel Sports, in which an old vixen is described as "honouring that maternal instinct which is the chief glory of all female life," I feel that I must never again indulge in a day's cubbing or participate in such "a sport of wanton and deliberate cruelty."

Hamlet in Mufti

Now that Sir Barry Jackson has successfully put *Hamlet* into mufti, it only remains for some other enterprising theatrical gent to bring the script of *Romeo and Juliet* into line with the modern drama. We should, of course, have two balconies and two Juliets—or, rather, one balcony would be occupied by Juliet and the other by Juliet's mother. To quote from the prologue:

> We have two Juliets now
> —a daughter and her mother—
> Each jealous of the other.
> Two fallen angels!
> Romeo's a dirty dog and dopes like sin.
> They all get drunk—the play will now begin.

Ad Nauseam

The balcony scene would, I imagine, start something like this:

Lady Capulet: Juliet!
Juliet: Yes, mother.
Lady Cap.: Where the h—ll is Romeo?
Juliet: How the d—l should I know.
Lady Cap.: The blighter, keeping me waiting.
Juliet: Keeping *you* waiting! I like that!

Taxed with their infidelity, the ladies would each put the blame on the other. Something like this:

Lady Cap.: He came to see Juliet.
Juliet: He didn't. It was mother he was after.
Lady Cap.: It's a lie.
Cap.: Did you—er—did you——?
Lady Cap.: Yes, Willy!

And so on—ad nauseam.

On Keeping Your Mouth Shut

I don't know how I should get along without my evening paper. It scours the world in my interest and tells me all sorts of wonderful things. I learn, for instance, that there is an Indian tribe that settles its disputes by Ordeal of Water—the two contestants being immersed in a tank and the verdict going to the one who can keep his mouth shut the longest. But, surely, there is nothing so very strange about this. The man who can keep his mouth shut is rarely the aggressor in a quarrel, and is more likely to be right than his fellow who has not learned the gentle art of lying low and saying nothing.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

"WE ARE SEVEN" *I. B.*

A few spectators at the Bath Show making the most of their improvised settee during an "easy." The photograph shows Mrs. Simonds (left), Miss B. Baillie, Mrs. Heasman, Miss Timson, Mrs. Elliott, Miss D. Timson, and Mrs. Blackmore

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Prince in South America

SOUTH AMERICA has given the Prince of Wales an unforgettable welcome, so enthusiastic and so filled with functions that even the indefatigable Prince had to admit on more than one occasion that he was "feeling rather tired." It is the first time a Royal personage has paid an official visit to those most prosperous countries, and as they are all Republics their delight was more hectic than you find in foreign monarchies.

Of course, the large proportion of English people, especially in the Argentine, added a strong personal note to the Prince's welcome—at times it was a thrilling expression of nationality—but the Governments and peoples of the South American Republics came in a very good second. They have vied with one another in the most lavish entertainment of their guest. The visit has been a brilliant success. But the Prince and his suite will, I expect, be glad to get back to the quiet of an English autumn. Months on end of crowds, cheering and endless functions must be distinctly wearing.

The Prince will hunt again from Melton Mowbray.

A Few Travel Problems

IT is sufficiently annoying to lose a train and have to wait a few hours for the next, but to lose a steamer and have to sit down in patience for another week or a fortnight with your baggage proceeding over the billows whilst you are left with a toothbrush on the shore, must be too trying to be borne with what the Victorians called resignation and Christian fortitude

Such a trial very nearly befell Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie on their way to Canada for the wedding of their second son, the Hon. Francis Erskine to Miss Phyllis Burstall, at Quebec. Coming down from Alloa House, their great barrack of a place in Clackmannanshire, when they reached the quayside at Liverpool they found their steamer already slipping down the Mersey.

They started in pursuit in something that is called a tender—I never know why—and were hauled on board. But your Bystander cannot help this reflection. Suppose you lost a steamer and hired a tender and you hadn't enough money to pay for it, what would happen? Would you be taken back to the quay from whence you came and be sued for the double journey there and back? Or, lacking a pile of bank-notes in your pocket-book, would you be sure of getting on your missed steamer if you had a cheque-book and the captain of the tender had a fountain pen?

Sport and General

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE BATH SHOW

Miss Grosvenor (left), the Duke of Beaufort, Lady Kathleen Rolls and Lord Londesborough watching the parade. The Order of the Bath (Show) was the Order of the Day last week

Sport and General

A RESERVED SEAT

The Duchess of Beaufort and Captain W. H. C. Rollo chatting by the rails at the Bath Horse Show, what time the "seat" in the front row remains unoccupied

General Post in Diplomacy

SHORTLY after the Prince of Wales starts on his homeward voyage, Sir Beilby Alston, the British Minister at Buenos Aires, will go to Rio de Janeiro as British Ambassador to Brazil. The change would have been made earlier in the year, but Sir Beilby has a close knowledge of Argentine affairs—he was acting second secretary and chargé d'affaires at Buenos Aires twenty-six years before he became our Minister—and his presence, therefore,

Sport and General

A HIGHLAND GATHERING

Some of the members of Mr. Stanley Brotherhood's shoot photographed at Kyllachy, in Inverness-shire. The group includes: Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brotherhood, the Misses Brotherhood, Mr E. G. Crawley, Mr. David Crawley, General Sir Hubert Gough and Mr. T. Fitzwilliam

was essential during the Prince's visit.

Sir John Tilley, our present Ambassador to Brazil, is to succeed Sir Charles Eliot as our Ambassador to Japan. Both Sir John Tilley and Sir Charles Eliot are Privy Councillors. The latter has been in the Diplomatic Service for close on forty years, and his service practically covers the quotation "From China to Peru." He is always said to be the best linguist amongst our Ambassadors, and is credited with knowing twenty-three languages.

Sir Charles Eliot is a bachelor. His successor and fellow Privy Councillor, Sir John Tilley, married a sister of Sir Thomas Cuninghame of Corsehill, whose ancestor is said to have hidden Prince Malcolm of Scotland in a hayfield after his father, King Duncan, had been killed by Macbeth. His reward when Malcolm came to the throne was the thanedom of Cuninghame, the name the family has borne ever since.

THE "GUNS" GO INTO ACTION *Sport and General*

Members of Mr. Stanley Brotherhood's shoot making their way up to the Kyllachy moors for a morning's sport. Although it was a steep climb, the means fully justified the end

ON THE SCOTTISH COAST *Alfieri*

Lord Derby and Lady de Trafford photographed on the links at Gullane in Haddingtonshire. Golf is again in full swing on this seaside course

Our Legation at Prague

SPEAKING of matters diplomatic, I hear that our Minister at Prague is at last to be suitably housed. The Foreign Office has bought the palace of Count Thun for our Legation in the Czecho-Slovakian capital.

It is a good house with a fine suite of reception rooms, and certainly more in keeping with the dignity and prestige of a great country than the abode which our Minister, Sir George Clerk, has had to inhabit so far.

Prague is a city of *baroque* churches and palaces. The Thun palace is as *baroque* as the rest of them, but it will be a fine setting for an important Legation, although I expect—judging from a personal experience of other palaces in Prague—that such everyday things as hot water and other amenities of a later civilization will have to be installed. At any rate, I hope Sir George Clerk will have nothing to equal the experience of his *confrère*, the Italian Minister, when he gets into the new British Legation. If I told you what that experience was you would say I was writing you tarradiddles, the year of grace being what it is. But in some of the old palaces in Prague the sanitation is as *baroque* as their architecture—and that is seventeenth century!

The Latest Engagement

THE Vicomte de la Panouse has been Military Attaché to the French Embassy in London so long that one is not surprised that his youngest daughter, Mlle. Françoise de la Panouse, has become engaged to an Englishman. The bridegroom-to-be bears a foreign title, Count Anthony de Salis. But he is a captain in the Scots Guards, and his forbears were naturalised as Englishmen by a special Act of Parliament two hundred years ago.

The de Salis family originally came from the Grisons, and were created Counts of

the Holy Roman Empire by an Austrian Emperor in the reign of George II. The son of the first Count de Salis became a naturalised British subject by the Act of Parliament I've just mentioned a few lines above. Early in the nineteenth century the family obtained the Royal licence to use the title of Count in this country for the head of the family and all his male descendants, hence the title borne by Mlle. Françoise de la Panouse's *futur*.

Count de Salis, Count Anthony's father, is the seventh holder of the title. He is a diplomat, and was sent to Rome as British Minister to the Vatican during the War—a delicate and difficult mission. He married into the Belgian princely house of Caraman-Chimay.

A "LINE" FROM LE TOUQUET *Keystone*

A group of visitors at Paris-Plage, including the Princesse de Caraman Chimay (left), Comtesse Thérèse de Caraman-Chimay, Comtesse Alphonse de Caraman-Chimay, Lord Ernest Hamilton, and the Comte Alphonse de Caraman Chimay

"LE GOLF" AT DIEPPE *Alfieri*

Mr. Ramsden (left), Dr. Barrs, and Miss Molly Ramsden face the camera during a "stand easy" between rounds at Dieppe

The bridegroom's elder brother, Count John de Salis, like his father, is in diplomacy. Although he was wounded twice during the War he managed to take his M.A. degree at Oxford. He was at Balliol.

The de Salis still have a property in the Grisons, the place of their origin centuries ago, and they also have an estate in County Limerick.

An Unusual Forgetfulness

THE list of things that people leave in railway trains and taxi-cabs is always a record of the possibilities of absent-mindedness, but to place something over £100,000 on deposit at a bank and then forget all about it for years seems to me the highest possible watermark. Yet this was done by Mr. Elias Meyer, a relation by marriage to the Sassoon family. Mr. Meyer put the money on deposit at 5 per cent. in a Colombo bank, and apparently forgot all about it, for he never drew the 5 per cent. interest, and the money was only discovered after his death by his executors.

By that time it had increased to over £350,000 by that process of compound interest, the problems in which as set out in the arithmetic books have made thousands of schoolboys miserable for generation after generation.

One always thought these problems were flights of the mathematician's fancy, since it was difficult to imagine anybody being rich enough to leave the interest upon his money untouched. But Mr. Meyer has proved one of the favourite problems in the arithmetic books, apparently by sheer forgetfulness.

RECENTLY ENGAGED *Mabel Robey*

Countess Elisabeth Zanadi Landi, only daughter of Count and Countess Carlo Zanadi Landi, who has become engaged to Mr. James Geoffrey Hart. Under her stage name of Elissa Landi she is well-known in theatrical circles

Lafayette

MLLE. FRANÇOISE DE LA PANOUSE

The youngest daughter of General Vicomte and the Vicomtesse de la Panouse. Her engagement was announced last week to Capt. Count Anthony Rudolph de Salis, of the Scots Guards

The First Baronet

FOLLOWING the example of Lord Lee of Fareham, who presented Chequers to the nation for the use of the Prime Ministers, Sir Charles Barrington, I hear, has offered Glenstal, in County Limerick, to the Irish Free State for an official residence for the President. It is a very big house. There is some of the best woodcock shooting in Ireland on the surrounding estate.

Lady Barrington is the sister of Sir Hickman Bacon, the premier baronet of England. Their ancestor, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was the first baronet created by James I, when he instituted the order.

The Housebreaker

THE pickaxe of the housebreaker seems to be the only solution of what is to be done with big country houses. The late Duke of Sutherland found no other way of disposing of Trentham, that ducal palace in Staffordshire, upon which thousands of pounds had been spent. That was long before the days of overwhelming taxes. Now there are very few people, even amongst the richest, who can stand the expense of big country establishments, so when the great houses are not taken for schools or some other institution, their owners find the sale of their bricks, lead and timbers more economical than letting roofs and walls gradually fall into ruin.

Haldon House, near Exeter, which used to be the home of the Palks (Lord Haldon), is the latest big house to disappear in broken stone and dust. It has been in the market for some time, and not long ago was put up to auction. But there was not a single bid, therefore the housebreaker has been called in.

The Dowager Lady Haldon, who is a cousin of Viscount Barrington, has lived for many years at Naples, where she has a charming apartment in an old palace. One of her daughters is keenly interested in the Aquarium at Naples, one of the finest and most complete in Europe.

Duke and Squire

THE sale of the Blackmore Park estate in Worcestershire ends a connection of nearly three hundred years between that county and the Hornyhold family. An heiress of the Hornyholds married an Italian, the Marquis Gandolfi. Their son in the middle of the nineteenth century assumed the name of Hornyhold and became a Worcestershire squire like his Hornyhold forbears. He married a relation of Lord Stourton and Mowbray. His son, when he was about fifty, was created first Marquis Gandolfi and then Duke Gandolfi by Pope Leo XIII, both titles being recognised in England. But to this day nobody quite knows why the titles were conferred.

The Conservative County

HOWEVER, recognised they were, and when the first Duke Gandolfi was gathered to his fathers he was succeeded by his son, who became a naturalised Swiss subject seven years ago. This is the Duke Gandolfi who is disposing of the old Hornyhold Worcestershire estate, Blackmore Park.

The first Duke Gandolfi used to be very irate if his neighbours did not pay him the respect due to a Duke, but Worcestershire is very conservative, and never could take a Papal dukedom seriously.

Living Abroad

IT is a curious coincidence that three present holders of titles granted to naval heroes in the closing years of the eighteenth century should all live out of England. The Earl of Camperdown used to live in Florence, but after he succeeded

Alfieri

AT BIARRITZ

A group from Biarritz, where the sun and the photographer function as persistently as ever. In front are: Mrs. Gordon Leith (left), the Hon. Mrs. Wilson Filmer, with the latter's two daughters, Pauline and Susan, and the Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas. The back row shows: Col. Gordon Leith (left), Mr. Wilson Filmer, and Capt. the Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas

his brother some seven years ago he went to Boston, in America, where he practically devotes the whole of his life to working amongst the poor of the Italian colony there. Viscount Exmouth is an American, his father, the sixth Viscount, having become naturalised in the States.

Lord Rodney, as we know, is a successful farmer at Saskatchewan, in Alberta, where his ranch is rapidly becoming a training centre for young men of family who are going to take up farming in Canada or elsewhere. Amongst his pupils are the Duke de Namours, a nephew of the King of the Belgians; the Earl of Derby's nephew, Mr. Frederick Stanley; and Lord Edward Montagu, the Duke of Manchester's second son. The last has just gone out.

ON THE RAILS

Capt. Keith Simmons (left), Major Smith Osbourne, Mrs. Smith Osbourne, Major G. S. Strode and Mrs. Paine at the Plymouth Steeplechases. The going was very good and the fields ranged larger than usual

Photographs *Sport and General*

IN THE "WEST COUNTREE"

The Hon. Hugh Rauſe Grosvenor and Mrs. Rawle photographed on the first day of the two-day Plymouth meeting, when many good finishes were witnessed

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The St. Leger

As the hour of the St. Leger approaches public interest in the last of the classic races grows keener. But the event has lost something of its promised attractiveness by the scratching of Saucy Sue. For a week before her gallop on Tuesday of last week Lord Astor's filly was well backed by people who fondly believed that they were beating the market. They gambled on the chance that Saucy Sue would clean up the Manton lot when she was tried. Alec Taylor, however, satisfied himself that she could not win the St. Leger on her present form, and the immediate elimination of the filly saved punters from further losses. Meanwhile, those who got on to Picaroon before he was beaten at York had given up their money for lost, but now they have a glimmer of hope that all may yet be well with the colt. He is no longer at forlorn odds, and is thought to have made pronounced improvement since his reverse on the Knavesmire.

Spelthorne's Chance

It will be a striking reversal of form if Picaroon proves too good for Spelthorne in the St. Leger. True, the journey is half a mile further, but that ought not to be against Spelthorne, who is bred to stay, and certainly shapes as though he is well off for stamina. He may be deficient in class compared with some of his rivals, but he should at least stay the course. Provided he does not pick up a penalty he is one of those I shall keep on the safe side in the Cesarewitch. He has not much chance of beating Solario at Doncaster if the running in the Princess of Wales's Stakes is to be depended on. No doubt Spelthorne has come on a lot since then, but there is no reason to suppose that Solario has stood still. On the contrary, I know that Reginald Day—not a man to be easily pleased—is well satisfied with the progress made by Sir John Rutherford's colt, and expects him to beat all his opponents this week with the possible exception of Manna, for whom this Newmarket trainer has much respect.

The Favourite

Indeed, it behoves us all to respect Manna after what he accomplished in the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, but I have always had the idea that he is not a genuine stayer, and I shall cling to it until I see him disprove it. A colt sure to take a good deal of beating in the St. Leger is Zambo. For a long time past Mr. Dick Dawson has cherished the hope that he would win another classic prize for the Aga Khan with this handsome son of Sunstar, whose extremely smooth victory at York has strengthened stable confidence. This is the first opportunity Zambo has had of showing his quality in a classic event, but he has been advancing all the season, and his form withstands the closest scrutiny. He not only possesses stamina but the necessary turn of speed, and I fully expect him to be prominently in the fighting line at the finish. My selection is **Solario** and I suggest that Zambo will be well worth backing for win and place.

Minor Doncaster Events

There will be an interesting public trial for the Cesarewitch on Wednesday in the shape of the Rufford Abbey Handicap, in which **Vionnet** appears to have reasonable prospects of success. On the same afternoon **Peeping Tom** may win the Cleveland Handicap. At the moment of writing, the intention is to run **Diomedes** in the Portland Handicap on Thursday, and though he has a great weight, I shall not look beyond this brilliant sprinter for the winner. **Mirawala** may win the Princess Mary Stakes and **Palma Bay** the Alexandra Handicap. I take **Hurstwood** for the Cup on the concluding day, and the **Loch Ford colt** for the Prince of Wales's Nursery. Another selection is **Sweet Rocket** for the Town Moor Handicap. The week winds up at Alexandra Park, and there will be a day's jumping on the comparatively new course at Bournemouth.

Leading Lights of the Leger

BY "THE TOUT"

With so many "good things" in the field this year, the last Classic should present a pretty problem for the backer. Here are some owners and trainers who believe they have the answer—if not up their sleeves, at any rate in their stables

Motley Musings

FOLLOWING the example of "Old Moore," The Bystander offers his predictions for 1926 :—

The Home Secretary will continue to assure us that he means to deal severely with race-course pests.

Discussions about Dr. W. G. Grace and Mr. Hobbs will reach an acute stage.

Those responsible will certainly assure us that Wembley was a success.

In spite of letters to the Press, trains on the Southern Railway will continue to crawl.

On most days rain will fall steadily at Manchester.

Several new plays will be produced, and if only daring enough, hundreds of clergymen will flock to the theatres.

Beer will be as expensive as hitherto and just as unpleasant.

Ladies' fashions will continue to change, and there may be a rude departure at any moment.

More indiscreet memoirs will be published and a fair amount of dirty linen washed.

Excellent sport is promised from the Divorce Court.

The usual number of bookmakers will start with a shilling and a bit of string in their satchels—and continue to flourish.

Both winter and summer will leave us a trifle cold.

We shall most of us be overdrawn.

. . . . .

"GRAVE situation in our midst," says a contemporary. Very well then; let Mr. Algernon Ashton see that it's repaired.

NO POLITICS

I am informed the questions of the day
Clamour for settlement both shrewd and bold,
And yet these problems, I regret to say,
Leave me completely cold.

I do not mean such questions as this sort :
"Do kippers swim when open or when shut?"
To those, who put such posers, I retort,
"Pop off, you silly mutt!"

But even serious topics can't cajole
My mind to brood on them; I've not the knack.
I do not care if miners should get coal,
Or should instead get SLACK !

Although the paper's full of German tricks,
My wife and I at such a subject scoff;
In fact, whene'er I talk on politics,
My Polly ticks me off!

We have enough to do in our own way,
Though statesmen grapple with their arduous tasks,
The most perplexing questions of the day
Are those our youngest asks!

HER LATTER END

By D'EGVILLE

HE (*intent on steering boat*) : "That is Mrs. Buffington-Orp. Of course, when she married she had only one end in view."

PASSENGER : "So she has now!"

A SURREY farmer declares that the harvest will be excellent. The rest of the farmers in England are unanimous that he should be certified as insane.

. . . . . .

WE are informed that tripe is now in season. There is no need to tell a dramatic critic that.

. . . . . .

A NEW Russian dancer called "Zwpsl" has taken Vienna by storm. You will come to no harm if you pronounce it just as it is spelt.

. . . . . .

LAST week an evening paper described how at Margate a girl was "rescued from browning." Why? We could have understood it if she had been reading that *vers libre* stuff.

. . . . . .

"I 'EAR Mrs. 'Iggins' baby's dead."
"Yus, she wrapped 'im in a warm idoldown and 'e 'ad a fit of convolvulus."

. . . . . .

"HITCH in the Debt Negotiations," says a contemporary. But what is this excellent cricketer doing in such company?

. . . . . .

IF an author insists on calling his play *Cobra*, ought he to complain if there is any hissing?

. . . . . .

WE have no sympathy with the man who said he couldn't get a day's work because he was a night-watchman.

. . . . . .

THE only people this season who don't seems to be getting much fun out of the Moors are the French in Morocco.

. . . . . .

WE understand that when Earl Oxford adopted as his motto, *Sine macula macla*, he had no intention of advertising that immaculate stainless steel.

. . . . . .

WE read that an Irish audience recently discovered the trick in the illusion, "Sawing Through a Lady." She seems to have been seen through as well as sawn through.

. . . . . .

THE Professor was given the baby to hold. "It's very delightful," he remarked nervously, "but what do you want me to do with it? Autograph it?"

. . . . . .

MOTTO for our own Black Shirts : *Fascist et ab hoste doceri.*

HARTLEY CARRICK

"HEAVENS!"

NURSE: "Now go to sleep, Phyllis; remember there is always an angel watching over you"

PHYLLIS: "Don't be conceited, nurse!"

BY WILMOT LUNT

IN DEEP WATERS

BISHOP (*reproving maid for using bathroom in his absence*): "I am deeply pained that you shouid do behind my back what you would not do before my face!"

Produced August 12, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

HITHERTO the "crook" dramas that have come to us have been either deadly serious or wildly funny. "No. 17" is a happy compromise between the two extremes. On the one hand it tells a nicely mystifying story, and on the other hand it is plentifully sprinkled with rich humour. With appropriate atmosphere to a tale of mystery, the story opens in a dense fog. We are in the street outside No. 17, and the gloom is so thick that Eddie Scott collides violently with a lamp-post, and makes the usual vigorous protest accordingly.

WE do not know who Eddie is, or what he may be doing there; but we take him on trust, confident that he will sooner or later justify his existence. Like a competent story-teller, Mr. J. Jefferson Farjeon throws together, at first, a number of apparently purposeless incidents, only to reveal them later, when the threads are being gathered in, as very essential ingredients of the plot.

THEN in the semi-darkness Mr. Gilbert Fordyce appears. He also has not previously been introduced to us, and there seems no reason at all why this young man should be loitering outside No. 17. But almost at the same moment a frightened seafaring man dashes out of the house in question, and would have made good his escape in the darkness but for the sturdy intervention of Mr. Fordyce. The latest comer introduces himself as Ben, of the Merchant Service. He explains further that finding No. 17 was an empty house he has been using it for some days as a home. But he will stay there no longer, as he has just discovered that he is sharing his lodging with a corpse. At this point we feel that we have got our money's worth. Once you get your corpse in a mystery play you have practically the guarantee of the management that you are going to enjoy yourself.

MR. FORDYCE promptly drags the sailor man into the house, and by the light of a single candle penetrates to the attic above. Mr. Shakespeare has already noticed how far a candle can throw its beams, so that we are not surprised to find the attic comparatively well-illuminated from this meagre source. There, sure enough, is the corpse of an elderly man lying full length on the floor. He appears to have been struck down by a blow from behind just as he was entering the room.

MR. FORDYCE feels the poor fellow's pulse, and finding that nothing more in the way of first aid can be rendered to one so far gone, helps his marine friend to carry the body into an adjoining room. The two then come back to listen, and in the weird half-light we distinctly hear a most mysterious sound overhead, as if someone were stealthily crawling over the roof.

IT might be cats in pursuit of some fair unknown of their kind, and then again it might be the murderer coming to gloat over his victim. You never know in cases like this. So, as a measure of precaution, Mr. Fordyce blows out the candles (others having been lit since the two arrived at the attic) and waits. There is a moment of fearful suspense, and then we hear sounds of a vigorous scuffle, and a shrill feminine shriek, all very convincing and comforting. When the candles have been relit we observe that Mr. Fordyce is holding in his arms a fair girl who has fainted from excitement, and the book of the words. On regaining consciousness, she explains that she is Rose Ackroyd, that she has come to look for her father who has been lured to No. 17 by a mysterious telegram, and that she fears for his safety.

BEN at once goes into the adjoining room to see if he can identify the corpse by any birthmarks upon it, and comes back at once with the startling news that the thing has vanished. The mystery thus deepens considerably, because everyone

knows that if a corpse is not interfered with it will stay in the same place for quite a long while. About this time some apparently quite respectable people arrive to look over the house, ostensibly in order to use it as a desirable residence. They are Mr. Brant, his niece, Nora, and a young man of the name of Henry. We gather presently that the Brants do not really know Henry, but as they were entering the door of No. 17 he came in after them by the simple and well-known method of putting his foot in the doorway and keeping it there till he could squeeze himself through. But all three are obviously on the premises for some other purpose than that of sizing up its residential qualifications, and so they begin by pretending to know each other in order to allay the natural suspicions of Mr. Fordyce.

HAVING looked round the place to little purpose, the strangers suddenly decide to show their hands, and they then prove to be crooks of a severely advanced kind. They "throw guns" at Fordyce, and want to know where he is hiding the jewels. It seems that No. 17 is the hiding-place of a case of jewels worth thousands of pounds—doubtless originally the stolen property of an actress out of a shop—and as Fordyce's replies are not satisfactory, they tie him to one chair and Miss Ackroyd to another, and go away with horrid hints that the house is about to be burnt down so as to leave no traces of either of the victims. The suspense is awful for a little while; but by this time Mr. Fordyce has become the hero of the play, and our knowledge of human nature forbids us to believe that a hero cannot wriggle out of a little complication like that with the usual display of ingenuity. The escape having been duly effected, Mr. Fordyce decides to explore the cellar of the house, where he believes the crooks to be in hiding.

THE cellar proves to be a spacious apartment evidently intended for the use of those accustomed to wealth and luxury, and its door can only be opened by a combination lock, the secret of which is known to no one but the crooks. In the cellar floor is a trap-door, through which any number of crooks can, when so disposed, drop on to a railway siding and get away, provided, presumably, they can elude the vigilance of the ticket-collector. Mr. Fordyce's entry into the cellar naturally causes a good deal of excitement both on the stage and in the more emotional parts of the house. Sometimes a revolver is pointed straight at him, sometimes its threat is merely indicated by an ominous projection from a coat pocket, but either way it looks as though Fordyce cannot possibly hope to leave the place alive.

THEN things go topsy-turvy once more. The crooks doubt if Henry is a faithful brother in crime, and he is accordingly bound and gagged with a gentle hint of worse horrors to come. After a while the crooks leave for their train, closing the trap-door behind them, and there are Mr. Fordyce and his friends imprisoned, as it seems, for ever in the cellar, because they do not know the combination that unlocks either of the ways out. But all the complications straighten themselves out at the finish, and a happy ending is supplied to a very interesting evening. Mr. Nicholas Hannen as Fordyce is briskly lucid, and Mr. Leon M. Lion as the humorous sailor permeates the story with plenty of comic relief. "No. 17" is an excellent play of its kind, and it has the added advantage of being quite English.

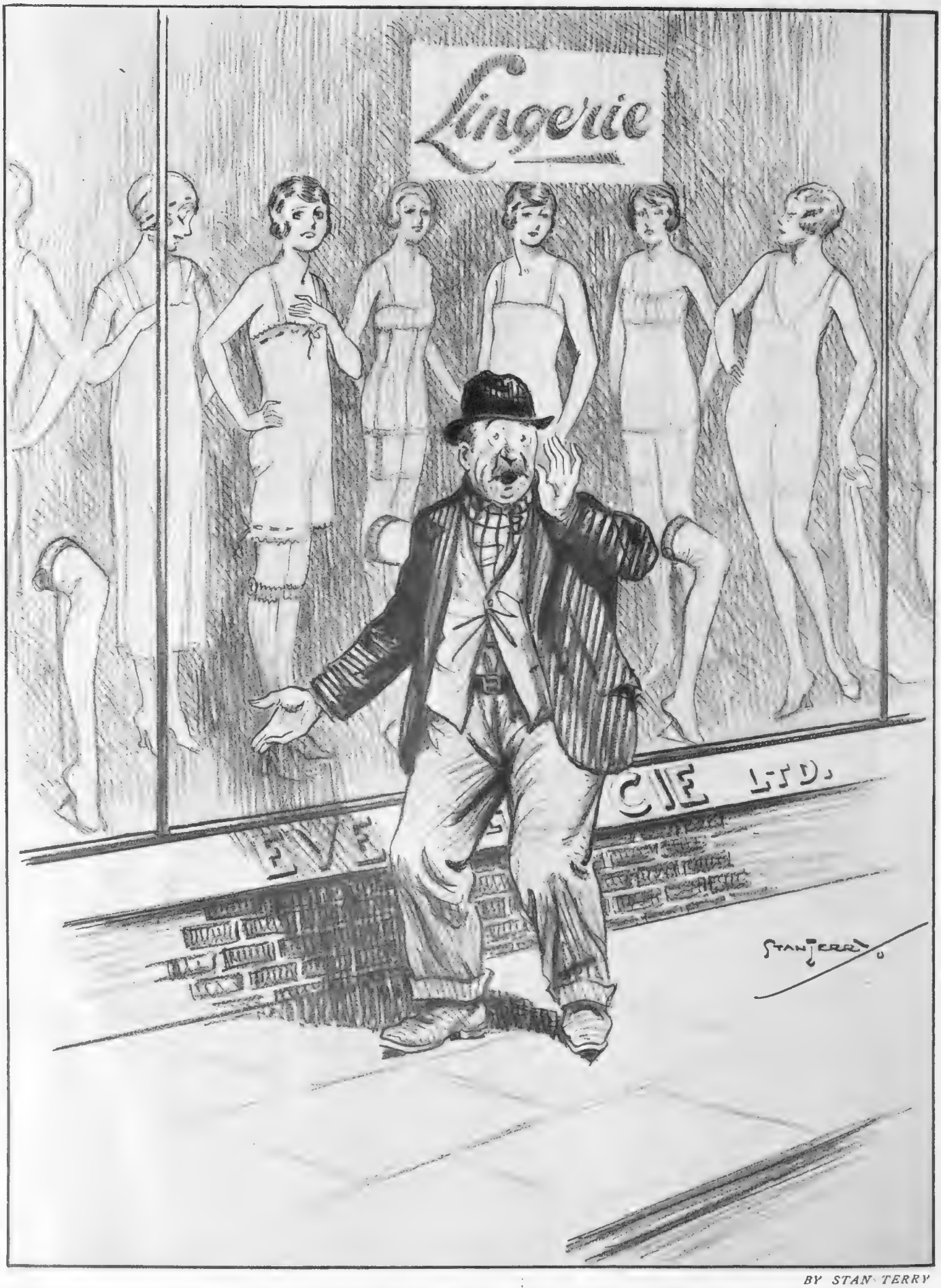
JINGLE

Stage Photo Co.

A LITTLE BOTHERATION

Mr. Brant (James Lindsay), a deep-dyed villain (left), uses all sorts of horrid threats to Gilbert Fordyce (Nicholas Hannen) what time Smith (Fred Groves), a villain of even deeper dye, lends a hand with a little bullying. Nora (Nora Swinburne), a woman crook, meanwhile takes exception to Smith's manner, and says so—at the revolver point!

Talking "Shop"



BY STAN TERRY

STREET LOAFER (*to friend across the way*): "Hi, Bill! Come an' look at this 'ere revoo!"

LOOKING AHEAD

Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW

JOHNSON bounded into the club smoking-room and I dodged behind the paper just too late.

He took the chair on my right. I was doomed.

"Are we ready for Australia?" he began, gently.

"Personally, I'm not going there," I replied.

"I mean the Australian eleven. Collins' lot. They're coming here next year, you know. Are we ready for them?"

"I don't think I am," I said, feeling in my pockets. "No, I am short of gate-money. Perhaps Christmas will put that right, if it doesn't——"

"I say, do be serious," said Johnson. "This is a serious business. We've got to look ahead. Are we organizing? Are we taking sufficient interest? I don't think we are. We're just sitting still and doing nothing, as usual. We shall lose the rubber. I tell you, Coot, it's no good."

"It's no good you telling me," I rejoined; "you go and tell the Selection Committee."

"I wish I were on that committee."

"I wish you were," I agreed. "Sitting now," I thought to myself.

"There's something wrong somewhere," he continued.

"There always is."

He became confidential.

"Favouritism," he said, darkly.

"Poppycock," I replied.

"It is not poppycock, Coot. I'm very much afraid it's the truth. There's favouritism at the fountain-head. I'm mentioning no names but I know what I'm talking about. I repeat there's favouritism at the fountain-head. It's got to be stopped. How? I'll tell you," he added, quickly.

Here he leaned forward keenly and began tapping my knee by way of emphasis.

"Grant me that the recovery of the Ashes is a matter of National Importance."

"Very well," I assented.

"Then let the Country decide."

"Eh?"

"I say let the Country decide."

"Let the Country decide what?"

"You don't understand," he said, sadly. "I thought you wouldn't. It's a pretty big idea."

"What is the idea?" I asked patiently.

He pounded my knee-cap with his clenched fist. Painful.

"A General Selection, my boy."

"What's that?"

"A General Election on the subject of cricket."

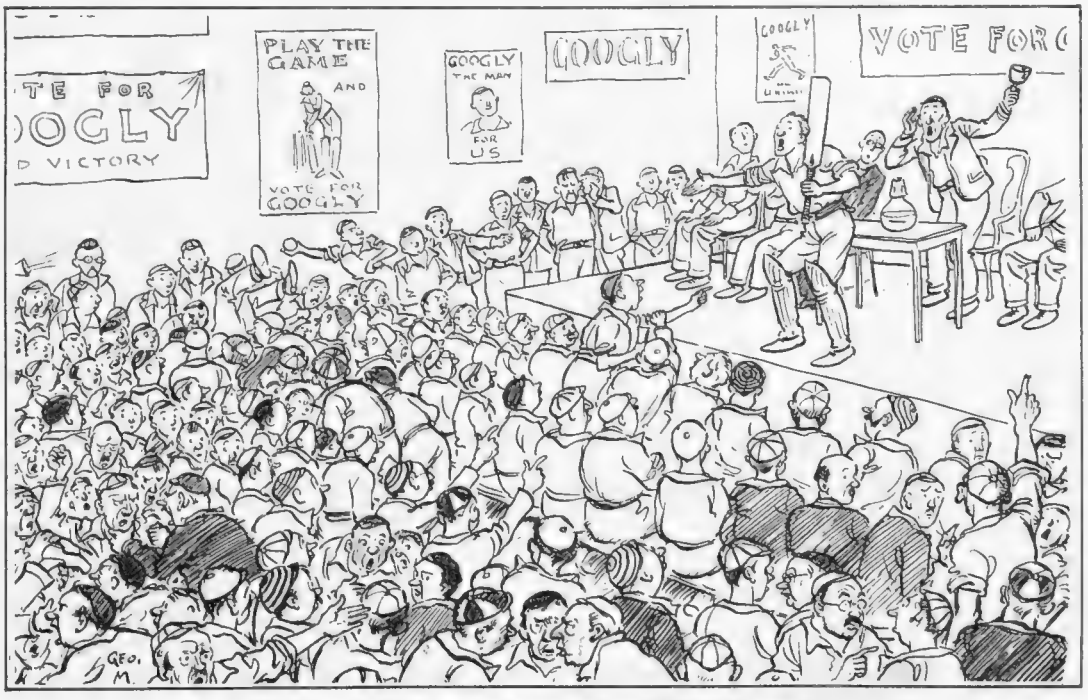
More thwacks on my knee. I protested.

"You may break my leg," I told him, "but you shan't pull it."

"My dear old boy I'm absolutely serious. I'm looking ahead. Believe me the outlook in the cricket world is pretty black. You know that as well as I do, or you ought to. We've got to recapture lost prestige. The situation's critical. In my opinion it's sufficiently critical to justify our selecting the team against Australia by *an appeal to the country*."

"Yes but——"

"Half a minute. Let me make this clear. There are seventeen first-class counties aren't there?"



"A candidate on the platform demonstrating his own pet theory"

"Are there?"

"You can take my word for it, there are. Now then, let each county nominate two candidates—say, Hobbs and Sandham in the case of Surrey, or Holmes and Sutcliffe for Yorkshire, it doesn't matter—organize, canvass, work up local interest, go to the poll and elect *one* of them as a representative playing member. That would give us a total of seventeen in the side. Eleven would play and the others would act as reserves and substitutes in case Gregory found a spot, as he very well might. The point of the idea," Johnson wound up doggedly, "is that it precludes favouritism and ensures absolute justice, fairness and impartiality in selecting the team. We're agreed that it's a National Question. Very well then, put the whole thing up to the Country and abide by the Country's verdict."

I looked as solemn as I could. What next, I wondered?

"Practically speaking, Coot, it would mean seventeen bye-elections."

"A bye-election would be rather appropriate," I remarked.

It was lost on him.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you think?"

What could I say? How does one intimate to one's friends that one dislikes their baby? This product of Johnson's imagination was preposterous and not to be endured.

"I think you're looking ahead rather far," I suggested.

"It's no good looking ahead with your eyes half-shut, old boy. See the thing steadily and see it whole."

Idiot. I tried another line of objection.

"I don't like the idea of Hobbs and Sandham on rival platforms, each pledging himself to make a century if elected. Or Waddington swearing he'd do the hat-trick. Promises of that kind might easily be made. Vote-catching tactics, you know."

Johnson said nothing for a moment. Then he frowned a little and, most unexpectedly, got up. Joy. He has, unfortunately, too thick a hide to be offended, but he may have been suspicious of what was coming to him.

"I don't think that would be likely," he replied, gravely. "Well, excuse me if I dash, won't you? Got to meet a man. I'd like you to think this thing over, Coot. I believe you'll find there's a good deal in it. I'm going to push it if I get half a chance. Put it out in the Press with some red-hot supporting signatures—Algernon Ashton, Cochran if possible. Of course, I know there'd be opposition, still . . . well, cheerio."

"Good-bye," I exclaimed, faintly.

He was gone.

Thank Heaven. Of all the crack-brained schemes that ever were propounded surely this was the maddest. I lay back in my chair, rested my eyes, and drifted into fantastic contemplation of Johnson's Election.

A meeting. There would be the flannelled fool of a candidate on the platform, armed with bat, demonstrating his own pet theory of how to deal with googlies. If the candidate was a bowler, diagrams of his swerves and breaks could be distributed among the crowd in the form of leaflets. There would be heckling and barracking in the body of the hall. Stumps might be drawn if feeling ran high. I could picture the chairman, bleating and impotent, appealing in vain. . . .

The posters and slogans. Something, I imagined, as follows:—

"WOOLLEY FOR WET WICKETS." "VOTE FOR GILLIGAN." "RUSSELL THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE." "BALDWIN (Surrey) IS THE BOY FOR US." "DULEEPSINHJI THIS TIME." "TATE AGAIN." "A SAFE RETURN FOR OUR JACK HEARNE," and so on.

A General Selection. . . .

No.

I pulled myself together and proceeded to murder a Bass.

Looking ahead I decided that, regardless of honour in his own country, Mr. Daniell might, together with his confrères, once more be entrusted with the task of team-building, and, with a sudden access of patriotism, I became convinced that, in the moment of crisis, we should be ready for Australia.

HAND IN GLOVE

Douglas Fairbanks, as "Don Q, son of Zorro," in the film of that name at the Hippodrome, practising Correct Deportment for Gentlemen with Miss Mary Astor, who plays the heroine. The film, which has enjoyed a triumph in America, has been made to the well-known (and highly successful) Fairbanks pattern

Foot-Sprints on the Sands of Time

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Cautious city man at the end of his holidays getting into form again for his morning sprint against time to catch the morning train

THE MOTHS A

BY BLAM

ND THE FLAME

A Good Egg—

BY H. H. HARRIS

—Poached!

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Mal aux cheveux"

MES AMIS—

ALL our life we have been under a shadow—that is, those of us with a tender conscience, meaning most of us—cast over us in our very earliest youth by the texts we learned, amid a mixture of ink and tears, while writing them out from copybooks. When, on New Year's Eve, at the end of the summer holidays, and similar periods of most acute depression, we reflect on a misspent past and pull ourselves together with a view to hitching our waggon to a new set of resolutions, we cannot help but think of all those maxims we were instructed faithfully to follow if we were to carry a little candle through the naughty world without it being snuffed, and cannot fail to realise how few of them we have obeyed.

AND when suffering most from *mal aux cheveux*, the French equivalent for "the morning after the night before," you must have been rent with doubts, as I so frequently have, as to what kind of people they were who compiled these counsels of perfection and whether they really adhered to them themselves. I have often wished to meet some of them to learn if, different from the ordinary mortal, they were never off their guard, but always conformed to the rigid rules they laid down with a view to the inheritance of the earth. But I had never been able to encounter any of these paragons, or even to learn from anyone else what kind of folk they were—these individuals who set up such a solemn standard of conduct—not until quite recently when the French politicians took their vacation and allowed the *citoyens moyens* to know with what a dutiful sense of the proper and the perfect they employed their moments of leisure.

NOW, for me, the shadow lingers no more, for I do know these politicians when they are off parade, and it is a fair assumption that the copybook moralists who put a crimp in our young lives were also writing advertisements for the shop-window, and were no more constant in the observance of their own high-falutin precepts than we know politicians to be.

LISTEN to what these politicians tell the ever-credible public they are doing while out of sight of Paris, and draw your own conclusions. M. Laurent Eynac, the Air Minister, brightly announces through the helpful interviewer, "My favourite distraction is to watch the flight of birds." Candidly I like the cleverness of that. Even the dullest *chiffonnier* can conclude that the Air Minister is so obsessed with the desire to introduce innovations in flying and to follow up new theories that he devotes even his moments of leisure to passionate study. M. Briand, astute diplomat if ever there were one, reveals that holidaying for him means fishing in the tranquil rivers of Normandy. A bit more subtle, but equally skilful, this, for, as diplomacy consists of baiting the hook, the Foreign Minister is obviously keeping his hand in. Blonde Norman *paysannes*, who may have sighted the fascinating Minister casting in the streams of the Eure, and may have imagined that he was wasting his time—all Normans think you are wasting time if you are not doing something that puts money into your pocket or theirs—will now know, with the assistance of the said interviewer, that trout-tickling is a twin art with diplomacy.

"Blonde Norman paysannes"

THEN there is M. Durafour, a Labour Minister, with an indicated desire for popularity. M. Durafour introduces

a preface to the effect that he has so much work ever on his hands that he cannot be said to have a holiday, really, but when he can snatch a few hours without twinge of conscience, he pushes his way about the country on a bicycle, riding which he "adores." *Eh bien,* as pleasures go, this is certainly the nearest relation to hard labour. What an ideal among Labour Ministers, what a great-heart, one who loves labour for labour's own sweet sake. After that M. Caillaux's holiday habit of taking financial estimates to his country château to do a little lopping, suggests that M. Caillaux was not at his very best. But there is M. Painlevé, the Premier. One suspects that the Premier must have been shown what the others had "revealed" and, *le malin,* decided that it was up to the chief to beat the band. He did it. "I pass my time in reflection," he disclosed. *Je trouvé ça épatant!* Upon that there is not the slightest need to enlarge. It is so adequately expressive, *sans commentaires.* British politicians have a lot to learn if they wish to be assured of re-election for life.

"To watch the flight of birds"

"A letter embroidered on the back"

And one feels that this little feat of blowing the trumpet and sounding the tinkling cymbals is almost bound to cause real worry to M. André Citroën, hitherto recognised as the greatest organiser of booming in France, for M. Citroën has been distinctly outclassed in his own speciality. In order to maintain perpetual mention, as well as perpetual motion, for his motor-cars, M. Citroën has had his name written boldly in the skies by airmen and, when came lighting-up time for glow-worms, his name scintillated in jewelled letters, very prettily designed, up and down the whole three-hundred yards of the Eiffel Tower pile. For the moment when interest in this spectacle wanes, M. Citroën, I hear, has engaged seven of the daintiest Parisiennes who, in fashionable resorts, will wear Rue de la Paix creations and the most alluring bathing costumes, and each of them will have a letter embroidered on the back, so that when the *demoiselles* arrange themselves in the appointed order, pursuers of the beauties will be reminded of the automobile which, *sans doute,* they would have forgotten.

But all these things lack the masterful touch displayed by the politicians, and, it must be remembered, that that same touch is contained in what are merely spare-time efforts. As M. Citroën could never be content unless he, or his organisation, were ranking foremost, the only course for him is to attach these politicians to his staff as soon as he possibly can. With the money I have seen him losing on the tables at Deauville, he would be able to pay attractive salaries appropriate to the talents of such masters, and his trade motto of "Forget me not" would be impressed on France beyond the slightest danger of even temporary obscurity.

RENÉ

IN THE TWILIGHT

At evening when the sun is low
And day has told her story,
The magic of the afterglow
Fills all the world with glory.

I wander, as the shadows fall,
Where lilies, shining dimly,
Gleam like pale lamps against the tall
Yew hedges clipped so trimly.

And then your voice I seem to hear
As I am idly roaming,
I feel, I *know* that you are near,
Quite near me in the gloaming.

But though I try my hardest your
Activities to veto,
You only vex me more and more
Ubiquitous mosquito!

LESLIE M. OYLER

"Invitation"

A striking example of photographic art by Madame Yevonde. This is one of the many photographs to be seen at the International Exhibition of Professional Photography now being held at Princes' Galleries, Piccadilly, to mark the centenary of photography

An Open-Air Page

Central Press

WITH HER REGIMENT

Princess Mary, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots, accompanied by Major N. H. S. Fargus, D.S.O., visiting the married quarters at the Depôt, Glencorse, on her recent visit to present new colours to the 4th/5th Battalion

Special Press

OFF TO THE DRAW

Lord Dalmeny, M.F.H., with Bodington, the Huntsman of the Whaddon Chase, preparing for the serious business of the year, with some cubbing. The meet was at Drayton Cross Roads near Leighton Buzzard

Photographs

A MIXED MOMENT AT SOUTHAMPTON

Miss Sampson and Mr. Lauder (left) with their opponents, Lady Crosfield and Colonel H. G. Mayes, by whom they were beaten. Lady Crosfield and her partner lost to Mr. A. D. Stocks and Mrs. Stocks in the final of the Mixed Doubles at the Southampton Tournament by 6—3, 9—7

Alfieri

HIMS BEFORE ACTION

Mr. J. D. P. Wheatley, and Lt.-Comdr. P. F. Glover, R.N., on their way to play off their tie in the Men's Singles at the Southampton Tournament

The Distaff Side at North Berwick

Topical

MRS. BACHE HAY, MISS DORIA STANHOPE, AND MISS MARGUERITE BARRON

Balmain

MRS STOBART AND MISS H. J. ROSS

Central News

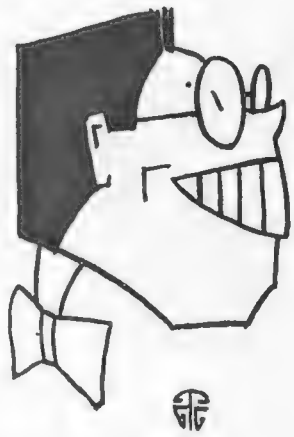
The Hon. Esmé Glyn about to start a round at North Berwick

Balmain

Mr. Birkin (left), Miss D. Snook, Mr. Peter Marsham, Mrs. Snook, the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Marsham, and (in front) Miss Betty and Master I. Birkin

FOLLOWERS OF "LE GOLF" PHOTOGRAPHED AT THAT MOST POPULAR OF NORTHERN CENTRES—NORTH BERWICK

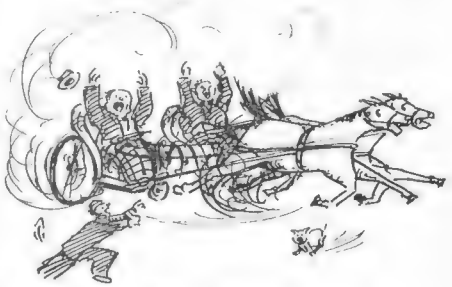
YOGO HAMA'S SOCIAL GUIDE



MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

THIS so enormous rush of modern life which causes us to live at frightful *m's.p.h* are growing to become more worse and worse. In not so many days as a week we suffer to endure (1) The Equine Bath Show; (2) Military Assaults (equine) and Batteries on Salisburys Plain; (3) The Infantines Tennis Combat at Wimbledon for trophies; (4) The 3 Quires Festive for who shall ejacule the loudest notes at Gloucester, and (5) "Tess" executed by the Barnes theatricals. Are it not an awful fates, I bemoan, to be birthed an Upper 10 who must not live to work, but to only suffer these functions because of *noblesse oblige* and other Latin burdens? But O how much more fearful it are to be a brilliant and world-wide *literati* whose fatigueless pen——

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to imbottle these moanings and purvey some authentic informations re concerning aforesaidly functions for benefits of non-sophisticates and other *ignorami*," you impop, Hon. Sir?



"Bath Horse Show was very exclusive sporting"

All so well, I response hollowly laughing, permit I shall imbibe an *apéritif*. Ha, ha, an abbreviate life and a devilish 1 I ejacule reckishly, making to swallow a pint of cocaine at a toss. (O how sweetish it should be to live a pure and simple life on only carrots, onions and other pious fruits, instead of this so awfully hectic and non-ecclesiastical 1!)

The 3 Quires Festive at Gloucester (wires our especial correspondent) are very famous musical combat, and theological persons who would not dream to place their shirts on a gee hesitatelessly put them at lucrative odds to 1 on the Quires for which shall succeed to ejacule the noisiest notes. The combatting XI's are specially select for their enormous vocal cords, and perform heats till only 3 are left for the final. The 3 finalists sing at terrific *h.p.*, and the 1 who survives becomes a championship quirester and wins the so coveted Gloucester voice belt.

"Permit I shall imbibe an apéritif"

Bath. (Especially wired by our own patent correspondent.) The Bath Horse Show was very exclusive sporting for Upper 10 ageds, decrepits and other persons with only 1 leg in the grave, which necessitates them to preamble in Bath-chairs because of non-requisite number of feet. Seated in saidly chairs, which are pushed by very small *h.p.* equines, these so sporting ancients seek to pluckishly discover which gee can arrive 1-st to a post. This causes enormous excitements and so frightful shocks that sometimes the survivors (if any) recover their legs from the grave, and do not ever necessitate to have a Bath or other equine chair again, but live to die on their feet.

"Shoots the wicked wealthy with a knife"

The Infantine Tennis Championships at Wimbledon (writes Mr. Y. Hama, the so world-wide tennis expert very exclusively to Hon. BYSTANDER) are the great sportings event of the infantile world. It consists for who shall bat the most number of balls over a net and thusly achieve the best loves to nil. It are a very pleasing spectacular to witness these so happy juvenines batting for good rewardings like as a doll, lolling-pops and other infantine trophies. And are it not a saddishly sweet thought to think (whimples Mr. Y. Hama) that perhapsly 1 of these so innocent sucklings shall some day achieve to win the

"Military manœuvrings"

American or other rareish cup for Grt. Britain and thusly grow to become a national idle like as Hon. Sir Hobbs, the so famous cricket centenarian?

Re concerning the Military manœuvrings and assaults (equine) on Salisburys Plain (writes Col. Y. Hama, O.H.V., the celebrate naval expert), this are very entertaining spectacular for provincial and other rural persons who must adore to witness these so blood-thirstish sportings. Numerous militaries seek with swords, pistols, daggers and suchly fatal weapons for who shall decapitate the most number of heads to nil. This causes to jump for joy the Hon. generals and other non-combatants because it witnesses to show how frightfully brave and offensive the fighting militaries have succeeded to become. (Later and very stop-press.) Hon. championships belt for most numerous casualties has been won by Hon. mounted horse dragoons.

"Tess" by Hon. Sir Hardy (wires Prof. Y. Hama, Mus. Bach., the

(*Continued on page 618.*)

"Juvenines batting for good rewardings"

Catch-As-Catch-Can

BY E. T. REED

FRIAR WINSTON: "See, Brother Jonathan, I fear me you will have no need for so capacious a creel! I am no unskilful angler myself, yet behold what I have landed with much patience and dexterity, withal!"

well-known and bespoke critic) are very entertaining spectacular like as "Hamlet," "Ibsen," "Sir Joan" and other tragic pastimes. Saidly Tess are very fortunateless femn who was 1-ce an Upper 10 family person, but now has sunk to almost become not any 10 at all. Because of her so fatal beauty, a wicked wealthy falls in love for her, but will not nuptial. This causes Tess to profusishly weep and gnash till a frightfully handsome faced and youthish masc imbegs her to spouse him for ever. Thusly Tess achieves a good nuptialling, but when abovely masc youth discovers to find she has been non-nuptialled to the wicked wealthy, he ejacules some choking cries and speedishly imbarks for the U.S.A. This causes Tess to become so mad as a hatter and she shoots the wicked wealthy with a knife.

"Stupendous strains on my brain"

Before not so very long Hon. police bobs make discover the defunct wealthy complete with knife, and ask Tess if she pushed it in him. "O yes," she responses, "I pushed it in because he was a very goodless person who lived for only love and not any nuptials." "Ha, ha, this smells to be a very good clue," ejacules the bob. "Now I shall arrest you for committing a nuisance against the law." Tess are transport to jail and Hon. Judge condemns her for guilty. Then all of a suddenly the youthish masc discovers he cannot live for love of Tess, and imbarks himself for Grt. Britain by return of post. Alasly he arrives to only find she has been punished for her so guilty sin. "O this are very awful state of conditions," he bemoans, tearing some hairs, "now I are entirely non-nuptialled 1-ce more and shall go back to U.S.A."

I trust to hope, Hon. Sir, you

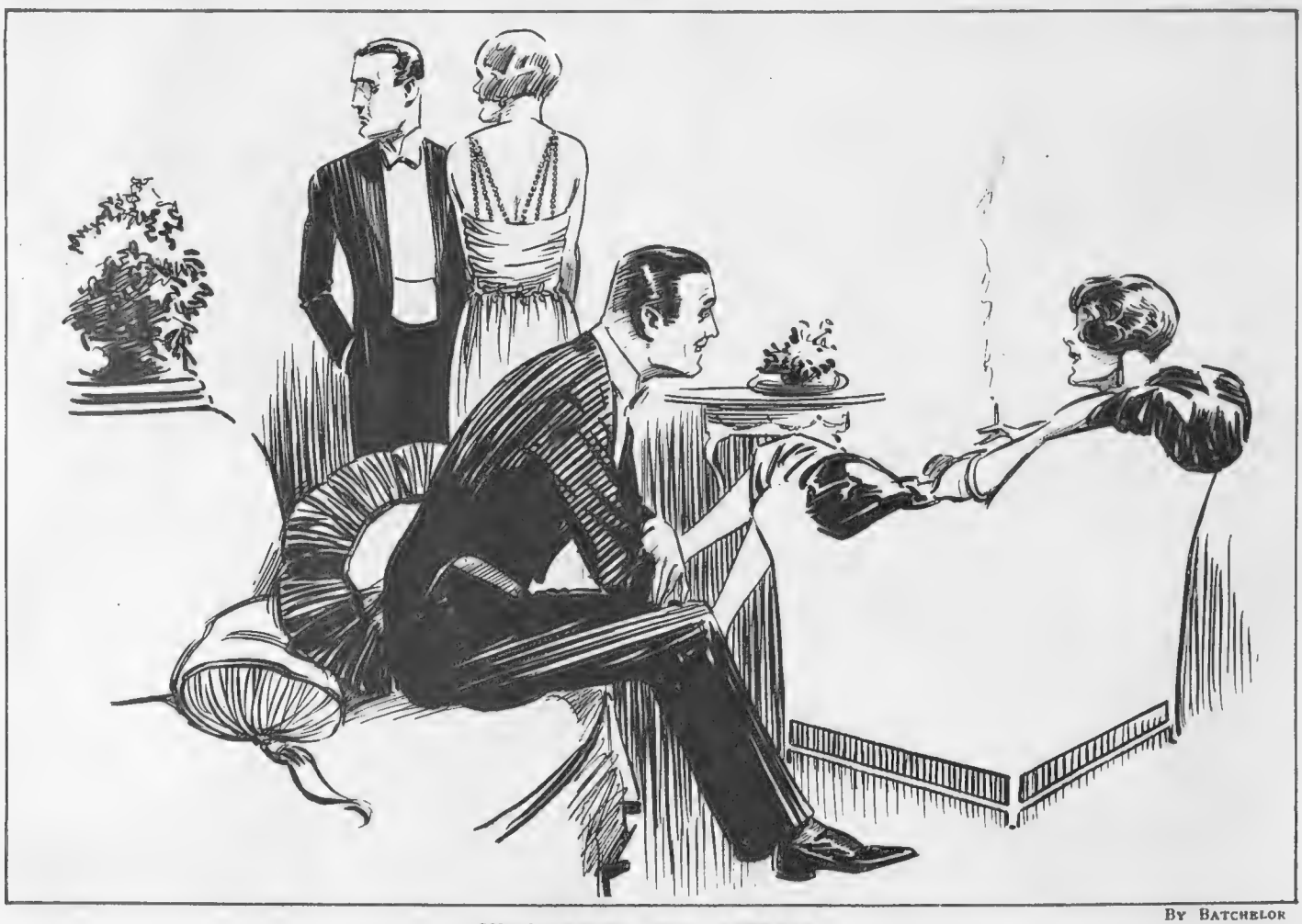
"The 3 finalists sing at terrific h.p."

experience to be satisfied with my so non-stop *critiques*, which I flatter to suppose not any other *literati* could have succeeded to achieve in so record time and spaces. (Hon. medicinal Dr. has order I shall be imbedded because of so stupendous strains on my brain, which have caused same to par or nearly boil, thusly producing me nervous prostrations and other genius diseases.)

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you continue to suffer very A.1 and non-intellectual healths,

I remain

Yogo Hana

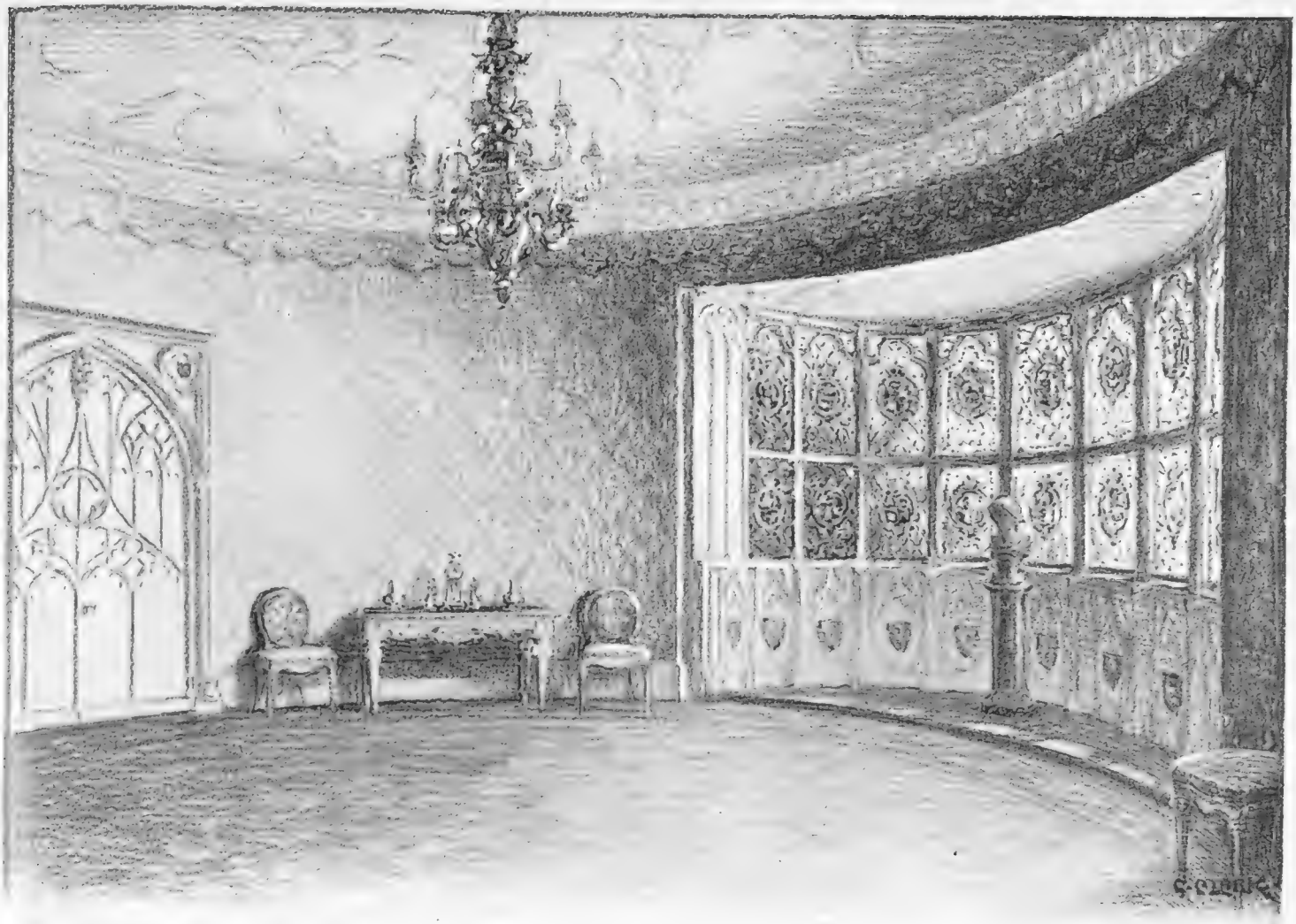


By Batchelor

SHOULDERING THE EXPENSE

She: "Her frock is supported solely by strings of pearls"

He: "She must cost her husband a small fortune for upkeep!"



The Round Drawing Room, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham

Pembroke Table. Period 1770.

This dainty article of furniture, usually made of satinwood, was often beautifully painted round the top legs and sides with scrolls of flowers. This table, named after the lady who ordered the first, had a great vogue from 1760 until 1830, during which time it was used by ladies as a work table and for light meals.

An Eighteenth Century "Folly."

SCATTERED through England there are many "Gothic Ruins" erected by Georgian noblemen, perhaps with the intention of giving an air of antiquity to their estates. These 18th century "Follies" were the work of a cult that revived Gothic architecture after it had been completely eclipsed in Stuart times by the classic Grecian and Roman styles. Chief among these enthusiasts was Horace Walpole, who devoted much of his life to the transforming of his home at Strawberry Hill from a country villa to the semblance of a Gothic castle.

Unfortunately Walpole's knowledge and the work of his principal designer, Bentley, were not equal to the task. They had not the skill that guided mediæval craftsmen in the construction of ancient college and cathedral; and genius was lacking to supply the need. The result was that Strawberry Hill proved perhaps the most notable of "Follies." No attempt was made to harmonise in design. Details from various ancient tombs and chapels were copied and used haphazard in chimney pieces, ceilings, screens and even bookcases. Walls were battlemented, a refectory with a long gallery above was built with pseudo-Gothic decorations, a round tower was added, and the whole house furnished with nondescript works of art—all this to the great admiration of the fashionables of that time. To our eyes, however, even now, when time has softened the harsher lines, the building is interesting and attractive only as an example of the eccentricity of early Georgian days.

Ostentatious display was much in evidence during the 18th century, but due regard for true quality did exist. For instance, that famous Scotch Whisky, "John Haig," continued to grow in popularity right from the time of its first production in 1627. To-day its prime quality and perfect maturity are known and fully appreciated in every clime.

By Appointment.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

ARE MEN DOOMED?

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"If bitters come, can gin be far behind?"

LONDON, *September* 7

DEAR COUSIN—

ISN'T it awfully nice to be told, just for a change, that it's men who are the hopeless degenerates of the moment, and not us? Poor little weak things, they are nowadays, says a certain famous explorer, and emotes all over the place, he does (as they put it U.S.A.-wards), about how they're allowing themselves to be terribly and degradingly dominated by women.

WOMEN, pah! (or words to that effect). Who ought, of course, to be just humbly standing and waiting, so to speak, and realising that man's their natural leader, and that *their* only (but proud) mission in life should be to give him "loyal support and help." That's absolutely necessary and needed, it's confessed, but it mustn't go any further, and that's that. Otherwise . . . . oh, most terrible things!

FOR women, it seems, are taking advantage of the weakening and degeneracy of our manhood—as shown, for instance, in the prevalence of Oxford trouserings. The type who wear which, according to our mentor, are aspiring (only he really means descending) to the feminine. The old masculine spirit is fading away, in business, in sport. So let's have a male revival—thus alone shall we once more get prosperity, and thus will the strife between the classes disappear.

"I have decided to be highbrow"

WELL, very nice to hear in a way, isn't it, that we're so dashed influential, and all that sort of thing, if we could only believe it? Which we do, of course, up to a point, and would simply love to even more so, if possible. But seem to remember words of a somewhat similar purport having been uttered quite a long time ago by another explorer in other distant lands, the Garden of Eden to wit. Rather suggested, I mean, didn't he, Mr. Adam, that any regrettable incidents of the moment were due to temporary weakness on the part of male sex of the period and corresponding predominance of the feminine?

WOMEN are starting an era of domination, he says. And so forth, and so on. You'd think there was imminent danger of the whole world being turned upside down and women ruling instead of men. But just let me whisper to you a little secret. So long as men are physically stronger than women and able to sort of toss them over their shoulders when it comes to a matter of grips—well, it's simply absurd to discuss any matter of real supremacy, at least until that beautiful, spiritual time above the clouds when we're all angels together. But don't tell anyone else about this, especially men.

NOT that women don't always really rule, as you've only got to go to the plays of the moment to see. As, for instance, that really rather rollicking little show of Mr. Laddie Cliff's, also Phyllis Monkman's, at the Shaftesbury, that they call *Dear Little Billie*, though "Dear Little Laddie" (or "Dear Little Phyllis") would, surely, have been a far, far better name. Seeing that Laddie and Phyllis are absolutely not only the presiding geniuses of the show, so to speak, but it's live and electric inspirations all the time.

WHICH aforesaid show is alleged to be a musical comedy, but it doesn't get a chance of being too frightfully, seriously musical or comedian because Mr. Laddie is always ready on the spot to spoil any earnestly sentimental passages with remarks like—

If bitters come, can gin be far behind?

And even when they have a lovely

"Oxford trouserings"

honest-to-goodness waltz of the traditionally sloppy (and tuneful) style all about—

It's a paradise for two,
'Twas made for me and you. . . .

Also (and even more so)—

Hearts beat faster
When Love's master. . . .

AND, by the way, talking of frivolous matters, the Co-Optimists, I'm sorry to say, are on the warpath again here in London now. (Sorry, I mean, because I suppose I shall have to go on seeing them several times over, and I do so hate going to shows more than once, but that's by the way.) Not sure I really ought to like them quite so much, either, having decided to be highbrow. Been elected, you know, to the committee of someone or other's Shakespeare-cum-Shaw Society, oh!

(Continued on page 622)

A few Phaeton Touring Cars still available at the pre-duty price

Chrysler's Mascot

Capt. Malcolm Campbell, the famous racing driver, who, on August 3rd last, lapped Brooklands in a specially tuned Chrysler Six at over 96 m.p.h., establishing beyond all doubt the supremacy of Chrysler engineering.

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CHRYSLER SIX

nearly a whole week ago—only, somehow, I'm not quite so altogether certain about it now.

ONE or two rather nice-ish things seem to happen, by the way, to these Co-Optimists, spite of their (according to the highbrows) hopelessly unregenerate and trifling turn of mind. They play, for instance, quite delightfully foolishly at the game of lawn tennis. And—

Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!
We want a court from two till three—

cries one of the reckless band, to a tune once quite familiar, I'm told, somewhere around the 'eighties. Likewise—

I shot a Slazenger into the air—
It fell to earth I know not where—

seems somewhat classically reminiscent, does not it? not to mention such touching topical lyrics as—

Joan Fry, little girl, Joan Fry. . . .

Or the parody on a once popular ditty—

I'm for ever serving doubles. . . .

Rather refreshingly and joyously foolish, what?

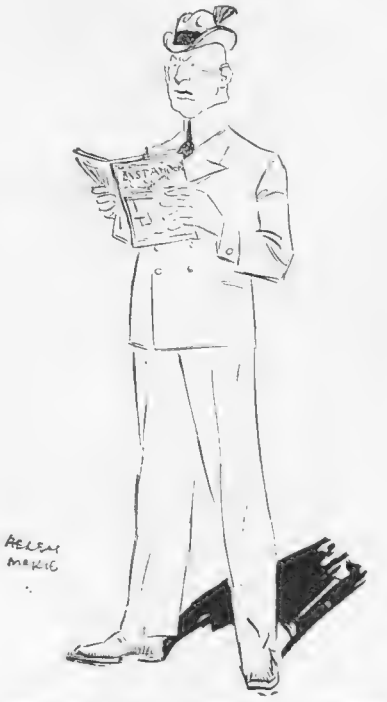
Love them all just a little bit—

says Mr. Melville Gideon furthermore in one of his attractively haunting songs, delivered with the full force of his butterfly-like tenor voice—

Fresh ones and fruity ones,
"Boys, do your duty" ones. . . .

A cynical young man this, methinks, and not sure I don't almost, on the whole, prefer even the frank and full-blooded remarks on the same topic of one Mr. William Shakespeare, as expressed in the course of one of his more celebrated plays, *Hamlet* to wit.

A RATHER interesting and thoughtful young man, Hamlet, but I never realised quite how interesting till I met him at the Kingsway, where he wears a nice little black ditto suit to start with, complete with wrist-watch, and then plus-fours, and also, evenings, a dinner-jacket with soft shirt and collar



"I have been gravely rebuked by a prominent German"

to correspond. And talks so dreamily and yet sensibly you feel he'd be quite a bit of a shock to Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Kean if they should happen to arrive by air-taxi from Elysium and drop in to see the show.

BUT the oddest thing of all is that after the first plunge it all seems so much more real, this Shakespeare in modern dress, than in the old days when they were all bunged up with special solemn gestures and conventions, as well as costumes. A bit of a horrid shock just to start with—to see the wicked King in Sackville Street evening clothes of to-day, and Ophelia in modern short-skirted frocks. And Laertes in brown checks with Oxfordish trousers, and Polonius in frock-coat, and courtiers smoking cigarettes and drinking cocktails and playing bridge. But it all wears off quite quickly, and then, do you know, it all seems quite ordinary and natural, and, what's more, much realer than ever before. Most surprising really, isn't it?

HAVE been gravely rebuked, by the way, by a prominent German gentleman who writes from Brunswick, for speaking disrespectfully of the Hun watering-places and hinting that I don't altogether love that race. It's very sad and regrettable, but I don't seem to be the only one. And by the very same post got a letter from a friend in Venice, who remarks on the presence of the Hun there in positive flocks or droves. "The Bosche wears mustard plush waistcoat and an Alpine hat stuck full of emblems and edelweiss. His manners would disgrace a gorilla, and his wife matches him. They *swarm*—and are loathed."

NO one says there aren't *some* good Germans, and I happen to know, by an odd coincidence, that our Braunschweiger's one of the few—but it takes exceptions, doesn't it, to prove a rule?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"DON DOUGLAS"

THE cinema has failed as an art because it has failed as an entertainment.

It has failed as an entertainment because it has failed to dream.

That is a fundamental error of the cinema, because cinema audiences are made up, for the most part, of youth, and youth is the day of dreaming.

The city clerk, who, in imagination, occupies his managing director's chair, is one with Roland of Roncevaux.

Romance grows luxuriantly amidst routine. There are millions who ride on the Underground who also ride to Camelot.

Yet our film producers seem like Pooh-Bah, born sneering, and many, I fear, are born leering.

So, I find, in *Don Q, Son of Zorro*, the new Douglas Fairbanks picture, not only a very great entertainment, a thrill with high adventure, but also a work of art, instinct with poetic fancy. And I am convinced that *Don Q* is great entertainment only because it is great art. It is art because Mr. Fairbanks is a Dealer in Dreams. In this picture there is both Head and Heart. The Head yields flawless technique and the Heart joyous inspiration.

Mr. Fairbanks in *Don Q*, now at the London Hippodrome, takes the part of a young student completing his education in Spain. Romance arrives when the student meets the Lady, Dolores, and Adventure when he is accused of having assassinated an Archduke.

Of course, the real assassin is discovered, and the student, after breathless hazards, is betrothed to his Lady. It would not otherwise be Romance. I know that, in these well-ordered days, Charlemange never arrives too late to save his Roland, yet I trembled, deliciously, time and again, as this student met his enemies, and rejoiced exceedingly when he flouted them.

I cannot remember Mr. Fairbanks having a story more perfectly fitted to his gift for athletic adventure; or being more happily supported by his heroine, who is here, in Miss Mary Astor, the Lady of all Romance, or being more fortunate in comic relief as furnished by Mr. Warner Oland, who is surely the most delicious Archduke of all the ages.

So I believe I am justified in regarding Mr. Fairbanks as the only film-player or producer who has ever rode to Camelot or fought at Roncevaux, and in thinking the cinema would be better if others followed in his train.

W. A. MUTCH

"A woman's beauty ... becomes a part of the beauty of the world"

MASEFIELD

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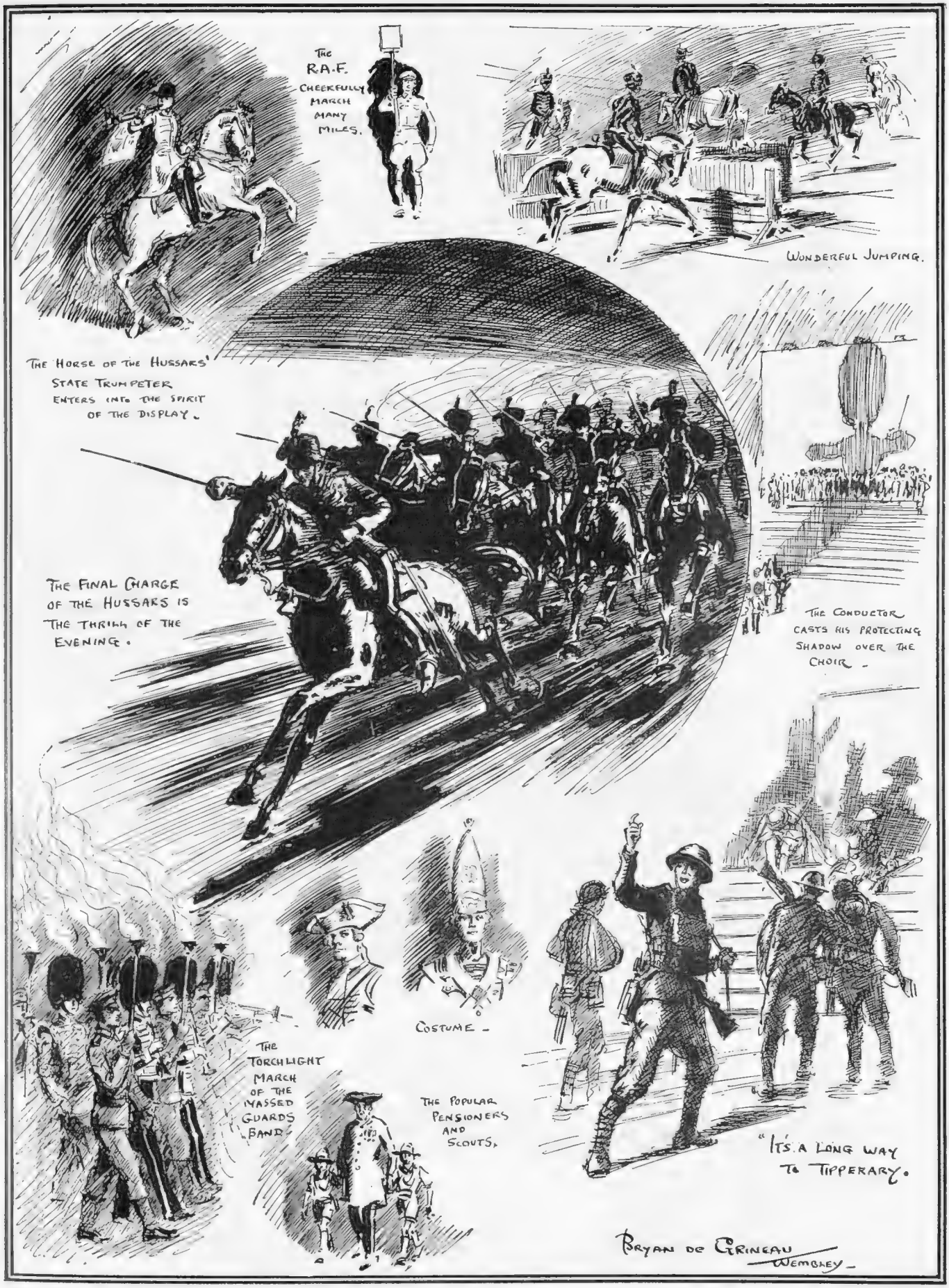

Some impressions of the great Torchlight Tattoo in the Stadium at Wembley, as pictured by Bryan de Grineau. This display, which is one of the greatest "draws" in town at present, is given entirely by the three fighting services, and is a miracle of faultless management and moving effect, culminating in the impressive pageant "Soldiers of the King"

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THAT FEARFUL FOURSOME.

By "PENDARVES"

THE worst form of persecution in respect of the mixed foursome happens, to me at any rate, somewhat like this.

A man has come up to you in the hotel lounge—a decent sort of cove you think him at first glance—and says, "Excuse me, but are you Pendarves Soandso?" (my name!). You admit the soft impeachment and wonder what is coming next. Then he says that Cyril Suchandsuch (great pal of yours in town) has sent his love to you. And he delivers this with a cheery, disarming smile, and beckons a hovering waiter with the remark, "You'll have a drink, of course."

It is not put in the form of a question, but a statement of fact, and you come to the conclusion at once that he really is quite a nice fellow and the exact opposite of some of Cyril's other pals. Then, after an interchange of the usual banalities about the hotel not being what it was in pre-war days, the unspeakable figure of the woman with the Pekingese, and the curse of the bathroom stampede in the morning, he suggests the possibility of your not being fixed up to-morrow afternoon.

You admit with alacrity that this *does* happen to be so, and, seeing how quick off the mark he is with waiters, you suggest that a mild round about 3-ish wouldn't do either of you any harm, as he must be a generous sort of opponent, you add mentally.

"Well," he replies, with a tinge of diffidence in his voice, "I was going to ask you if you would care to make a fourth in a foursome: just my wife, she's a steady sort of 17 L.G.U., and another woman"?

Precedent and caution clamour within you to make some silly excuse and get out of this while there is yet time.

But vacillating, as usual, you are lost when you hear him murmuring, "Very good of you: I shall look forward to it." You perceive a mouse-like little wife pushing through the swing doors; he becomes swallowed up in her propinquity, and you are left alone with an empty glass to ruminate upon your thousand and first folly.

The fatuity of mixed foursomes in general, and with complete strangers in particular, sits heavy upon your mind that evening, to the detriment of all your calls at bridge; it ruins the enjoyment of the early morning bathe; it plays Hades with the match in the morning, which you lose together with one of the best Fishers you possess. And towards 3 p.m. you wander towards the first tee wondering with the old, old fear who on earth the other woman is, and what sort of a priceless exhibition you are going to make of yourself?

They are all three thereabouts, swinging drivers with that perfection of ease and style people acquire when the ball is not there. Ye Gods! you might have known. She is the jaunty, supercilious creature from the Big House near by, who wanders in and out of the hotel at night in a marvellous chinchilla coat, and is said to be "a steady 5," even on this most deceitful of courses.

You are for it! She gives you a curt, damnably self-possessed nod when you are introduced (you loathe self-possessed, bulkhead women—they ought not to be allowed), and you find, as usual, you are to play with her against Pa and Ma—and what's more you have got to give them jointly 8 strokes.

Of course, it can't be done. And you say so with all the emphasis that is left in your now thoroughly rattled personality.

"Oh, I think that's about right," replies the Amazon, quietly; "will you take the honour or shall I?" The tone implies that she is going to take honours of every sort in every possible direction, whatever you may say or feel. And you retire towards your caddie and bag of inept clubs thinking unutterable things.

One of two things will thereupon happen to you. You will either, by the grace of an opaque Providence, play three strokes below your handicap, which is 7, or you will play 11 strokes above it. I generally do the latter. The Amazon, of course, plays almost faultless golf the entire way round, even to the extent of chipping you neatly out of the bunkers wherein you have placed her, or approaching you to within a couple of feet of the hole in order that you may miss the ensuing putt, to your eternal shame.

But whichever you do she will make no comment—how you loathe these ice-bound women golfers—and, what is far worse, when she does occasionally (*very* occasionally) half top a brassie, owing to the filthy lie you have put her in, she makes no apology, SHE SAYS NOTHING. Silent women at golf ought to be shot. It's unnatural. There is something WRONG about them. Don't you agree?

And I have let myself in for one of these infernal affairs the day after to-morrow. I don't know who either of the two ladies are. I forgot to ask. Probably one of the "steady 4's" that swarm up here just now. You know—very Scotch, tweedy and thoroughly at home in half-a-gale of wind—never carry more than 6 clubs; and deadly with all of them. . . .

How about sending myself an urgent wire from Glasgow: a suddenly convened Board Meeting. . . Not a bad idea . . . wonder how it would work? . . . These Scotch lassies have a way of looking through you—right into your conscience. . . . M'm . . . dog's life, golf. . . .

W. Dennis Moss

A SITTING SHOT FOR THE CAMERA

Major Philip Magor (left), Miss Sainsbury and Capt. Rao Rajah Hanut Singh, photographed at Minehead during the West Somerset Polo Club's Finals Week. The notice in the background does not seem to strike much terror in the hearts of the assembled trio!

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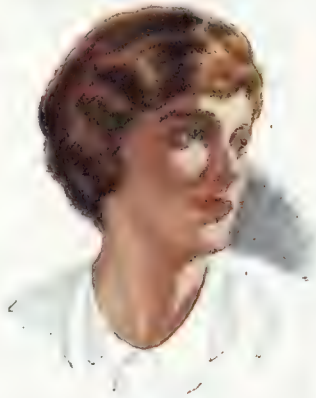

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Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton

Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH

L 801-B

OUR bodies were meant to be healthy, but we never understand what health means until disease robs us of it. A healthy body fights disease, but the danger of infection is always present. There comes a time when resistance weakens—when the children are "off colour," or you yourself get run down. Then the germs strike.

Science has given us an everyday protection—thorough cleanliness with Lifebuoy Soap. A well-known health authority has said that if everyone cleansed the hands thoroughly two or three times a day, the danger of epidemics would be considerably lessened.

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No one can see the germs of disease with the naked eye. Yet you touch things every day covered with them; you meet and talk with people every day who are very likely carrying the germ of some infectious disease. You can't see the microbes, but the deep and penetrating health element in Lifebuoy Soap is your health eye.

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A clear duty

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Get the Lifebuoy health habit. Buy Lifebuoy in the *new pack*, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

Femina

Complexions by the Sea

By "CANDIDA"

"KEEP that schoolgirl complexion" is the injunction in enormous letters posted up at street corners and in stations, where you can always get good advice for the asking, I mean the seeing. As a special inducement there's the girl herself, all pink and white and charming, in the usual chocolate-box manner of three years ago. Men never notice anything that happens until it's long ceased to happen, and then they can't be induced to forget it. So it's escaped them that complexions aren't done any more, haven't been for three summers at least, though it's been hard work at times to get up enough sunburn to cover even the dinkiest thing in noses.

I'VE just come back from 'Ville-sur-Mer, where nobody was keeping that schoolgirl complexion, or any complexion at all, for that matter. It wasn't done out of sheer enthusiasm for something or other, or out of carelessness, as we do this sort of thing in England. It wasn't done by the people who're champion of whatever it is, and are so busy keeping up to the champion mark that they haven't time for mere beauty; nor by casual young things who're so full of enjoying what they call life that they don't mind how much good looks they drop by the way. It was done intentionally, deliberately, as the one thing worth doing in holiday existence, as the one thing that made up for crowds and hotel discomforts—I mean comforts—and huge bills and the rest. We, benighted Englishwomen, go for a holiday because we want to, or because we must, and get sunburnt by the way. But that's only because we've never fathomed the tremendous importance of the latest "it" in the scheme of things. If we took ourselves and our looks as seriously as they did at 'Ville-sur-Mer we'd know that the sunburn's *the* thing, and the holiday only the afterthought.

I HEARD two men discussing the point. They were lounging under the shade of a white and yellow bathing-tent, waiting more or less patiently for a—nymph, let's say, who was lying at full length on the sand in blazing sunshine clad in next to nothing at all. She had just come out of the water, that was obvious, and was very busy over the serious business of the day. "How long are you staying?" asked man number one. "Can't say," answered a discontented voice. "Simone came here to be baked, and she won't leave till the colour's all right—amber, or something. She's at it now, though I'm hungry, d—— hungry." One can swear so nicely and so effectively in French—which he did.

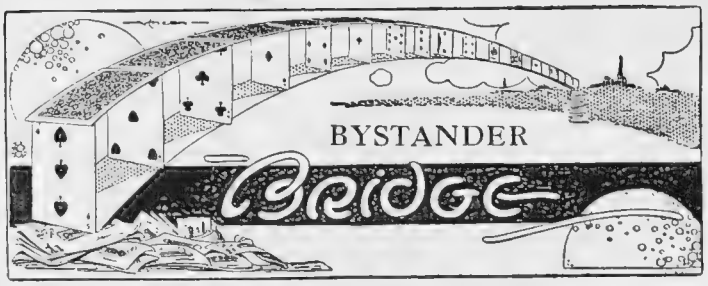
AND then I understood. I saw the patience that's required to go through the browning process, with its inevitable stages of pink, scarlet, amber, and deep bronze. All these I had met and thought them accidental. As if a well-brought-up Frenchwoman ever left anything to accident, or to Nature! If she can't induce the sun to shine on a dismal, grey day, she can at least do anything she pleases with its shining on a blue one. There's an art about being sunburnt, so I discovered. In England we just take off things—sleeves and stockings and gloves, and the sun does the rest: does it more or less becomingly—mostly less. All round the coast in August and September there's a ring of sunburnt damsels who never dream of interfering with the sun's business. They begin with a painful scarlet and end by turning into an unpleasant copper, or they pile on freckles wherever there's any space to be freckled, which isn't the game at all. You've got to be the right shade of honey-coloured amber, or nothing, and a rich, even tone must cover all that's visible, and, presumably, all that's invisible, too, which isn't much. If you can't hit off the proper colour in France, there's nothing for it but the Lido, where the sun has unlimited opportunities, so I'm told, or Biarritz, where it keeps on keeping on till well into October. It takes some patience this sunburn business, to say nothing of the expense.

ONCE accomplished, the idea is to show as much as it's possible to show. Hence the sleeveless, stockingless condition of the *élite*. Once upon a time one wore "nude" stockings; now it's the nude without the stockings. At 'Ville-sur-Mer I saw one of the Something Sisters (who're always such a success everywhere) got up with elaborate simplicity. She wore no sleeves, of course, only the usual honey-coloured arms and no stockings to match, and from a very low, equally honey-coloured neck down to knees, which toned exactly, what there was of the creation was simply perfect. It was very new and very expensive, *cela va sans dire*. Everybody knows that the less frock there is the more one pays for it.

I'M hoping that this sunburn craze doesn't mean a bare-legged winter, because even the filmiest of stockings are warmer than no stockings at all. They've invented gold and silver stockings woven in real metal, if you please, and the most wonderful gloves, just to compel us to sit up and take notice. Or is it because, as I've said before, men never see anything that's going on? I've met some wonderful productions in suède with gauntlets decorated in priceless Chinese embroidery, just to go and lunch in; and for the evening I've seen some long, white gloves adorned with a design in diamonds—the real thing, by the way. And they showed me a guileless affair in dove-grey, edged with tiny feathers to match a scarf and hat, and, presumably, a dovelike temperament; also a morning glove that was faintly and innocently beige with a mirror on its *mousquetaire* cuff, and a long tassel that hid a powder puff. All these creations just to cover a skin at which one has worked for months. Will the gloves have it or the sunburn? Nobody knows, but let's hope those clever people haven't wasted their talent.

EN FAMILLE "*Sasha*"

A recent photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Raine. Mrs. Raine, whom the *cognoscenti* will at once recognise as Miss Binnie Hale, is connected with a production entitled, "No, No, Nanette," which is enjoying a modest success at the Palace, while her husband is acting in "De Luxe Annie" at the Duke of York's



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

METHODS OF GOOD PLAYERS

"Ah!" said the Irish Major as the two men cut against the two women, "The lassies against the lads."

"No," replied the Irish woman, "Gentlemen *versus* Players."

. . . . .

Many club players are apt to become too set and formal in their game. They play day after day with the same little coterie, and they come to know each other's habits and customs too well. The bidding and play become almost mechanical. The holiday months offer fresh opportunities for playing with different people. To those who stay in London the interchange of hospitality amongst clubs in September means new blood at Bridge. I know there are some people who do not like playing with "strangers," but I suggest that they are wrong. New experience is excellent. At one of my clubs we have been housing temporarily a club, amongst the members of which are some of the reputed finest players in London. I have been watching their methods with keen interest.

. . . . . .

What I notice particu'arly about these first-class players is their reticence. They are not always out to "snatch" the declaration on every occasion. They bide their time. They watch the score.

The babbler, who is always butting in, is the easiest man to defeat. The silent man is always dangerous. When he does speak, his calls are respected. It is said of a certain player that he makes £1,000 a year by his silence.

. . . . . .

Now, I am not advocating the theory that you should pass on good hands, and lie low in the hope of "downing" your opponents. That seems to me a poor sort of game, rather unsporting and not fair to your partners. The idea of Auction is to encourage bidding and to give every player a chance of "speaking."

But the point is to realise those occasions, those times and seasons when it is wise to keep quiet.

. . . . . .

Opportunities of brilliant play do not occur very often. But I saw recently at a London Club a piece of play which impressed me, not because it succeeded but because it was so different from what the average player would have done.

Here are the hands—

	S—Q, 2. H—A, 10, 7.	D—A, K, J, 2. C—Q, 10, 3, 2.
S—K. H—K, Q, 9, 4. D—Q, 10, 6, 5. C—J, 9, 8, 6.	Y A B Z	S—A, J, 4. H—J, 6, 5, 3. D—9, 8, 7. C—K, 7, 4.
	S—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3. H—8, 2.	D—4, 3. C—A, 5.

Score: Game all. Love all in rubber game. Y dealt and called "One No-Trumps"; A "No bid"; Z "Two Spades." All pass.

. . . . .

Seeing all four hands, you may say that it was impossible for Z to go game. He must lose at least three tricks in Spades and one in Clubs. For all Z knew he might do worse and lose three Spades, one Club and one Heart. But now let me tell you how it went.

A opened the King of Hearts. Z put up Dummy's Ace, led a small Club, and took the trick with his Ace.

He then led a small Diamond, *finessed* Dummy's Jack and played out Ace and King, discarding a losing Heart on the third round. His next lead was the Queen of Spades! B put up the Ace and A's lone King fell, and Z lost only two tricks in Spades and one Club, making game and rubber.

. . . . . .

Analyse the play of this hand. In the first instance Z was, of course, lucky in finding the Diamond *finesse* successful, and in finding them distributed as they were, so that he could make his Ace, King and Jack. But the point is that he must take this risk to try to get rid of his losing Heart. If it did not come off, he was still no worse off than he would have been if he had not tried it. Therefore he had to try it. Note, that at trick 2 Z did not lead a trump. Had he done so nothing on earth could have prevented A, B saving the game. But the really clever play was the Queen of Spades from Dummy. Most players, I am prepared to bet, would have led a small one, or would have put themselves in and led Spades from their own hand. Z, however, was quick enough to see the possibility of such a distribution as there actually was. There were four Spades in his opponents' hands—Ace, King, Jack and 4. They might lie two and two, three and one, or all four in one hand. In the first and third cases his play of the Queen could do no good. But it could do no harm. If he must lose three tricks in Spades, he must. But they lay, as you see, three and one. Now you will ask, seeing all four hands, why was B in such a hurry to put up his Ace on the Queen led? His Ace could not run away. It must make. Surely it was very bad play on his part to put it up?

. . . . . .

Of course, if B had known or suspected that his partner had the King of Spades, he would not have put up the Ace. But he did not know. All that he did know was that he held the Ace, Jack and another, and he, therefore, *rightly* put up his Ace to protect the Jack. He knew that Z could not put Dummy in again to lead Spades through him, and he, therefore, made a certainty of making two tricks in Spades, supposing, naturally, that Z had got the King of the suit. B did not play badly, only unluckily.

On the other hand, Z took the only chance he had of making game, and ought to be given credit for a piece of good play.

I may mention, without revealing confidences, that Z and B are two of the acknowledged best players in London.

WINNERS OF FINGER-PRINT COMPETITION, No. 10

We print below the names of the readers who successfully claimed their finger-prints, published under the heading of Selection No. 10, in our issue of August 26th. A cheque for One Guinea has been sent to each of these entrants.

Miss E. V. King, "Lowood," College Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.19; G. F. White, 44, Adelaide Street, Blackpool; F. Charles, Ellington Villa, 18, Mortimer Street, Herne Bay; L. B. Denham, 9, Lancaster Gate Terrace, W.2; Mrs. H. R. Madden, 202A, Dunstans Road, East Dulwich, S.E.; A. W. M. Barker, "Trevalor," Potton, Beds.; T. Denham, 4G, Grove End House, St John's Wood, N.W.8; R. A. Currie, 1, Glenburnie Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.17; Miss M. Oates, 133, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.2; Mrs. W. Paddon, 90, Katherine Road, East Ham, E.6; H. E. Harrold, 181, Evering Road, Stoke Newington, N.16; Miss M. J. Gray, 7, Crawford Place Dwellings, Edgware Road, W.1; Miss D. Scaife, 92, Markhouse Road, Walthamstow, N.E.; Mrs. F. Butler, 31, Esmond Road, Kilburn, N.W.6; H. J. Towse, 60, Adela Avenue, New Malden, Surrey; L. Hayhon, 20, Corbyn Street, Tollington Park, N.4; F. W. Ruddle, 6, Summerlands Avenue, Acton, W.3; H. Lawrie, 11 Mess, H.M.S. *Caledon*, c/o G.P.O.; E. Cadman, 32, Knollys House, Compton Street, Russell Square, W.C.1; E. Feldwick, "Ladbroke," Cecil Road, Lancing, Sussex; Mrs. S. Lucas, 29, Hurst Street, Oxford; J. E. Tansey, 413, Bethnal Green Road, E.2; A. Cuell, 24, Matham Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.22; Miss N. Weston, 81, Tyneham Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.11.

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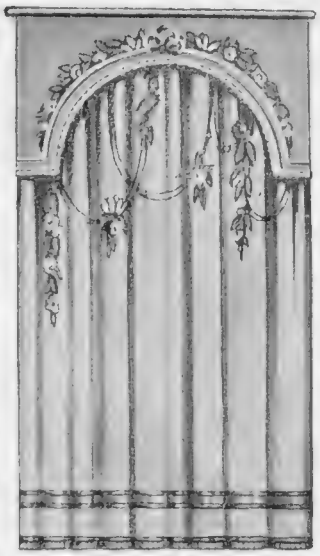

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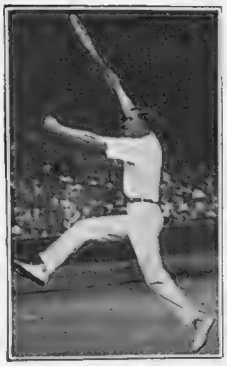

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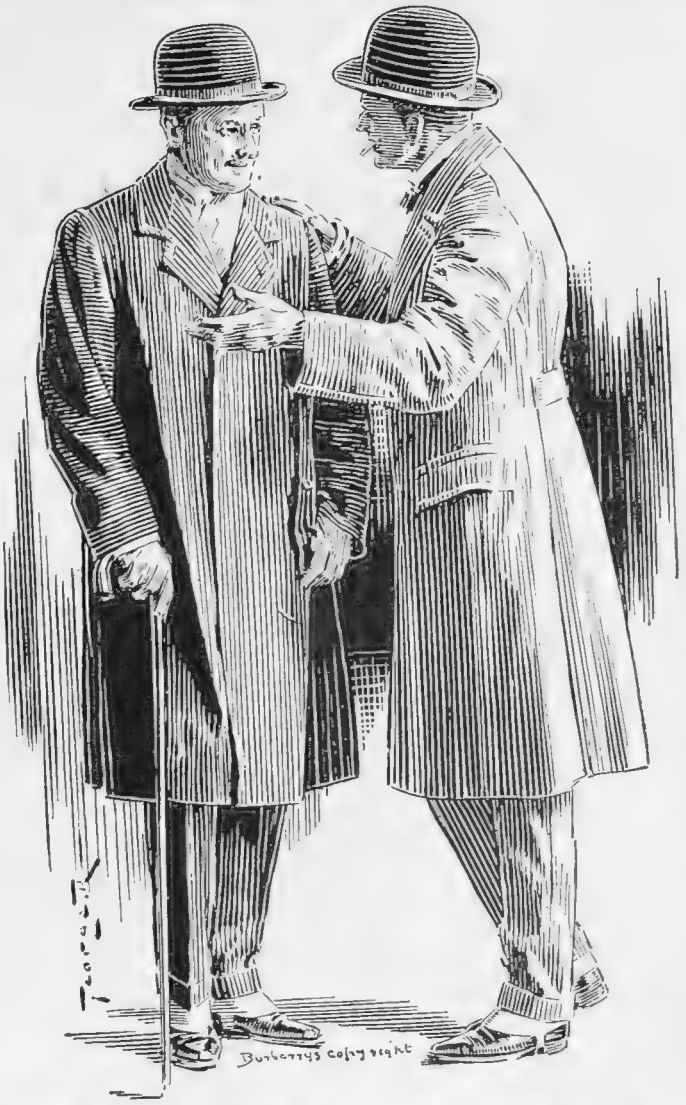

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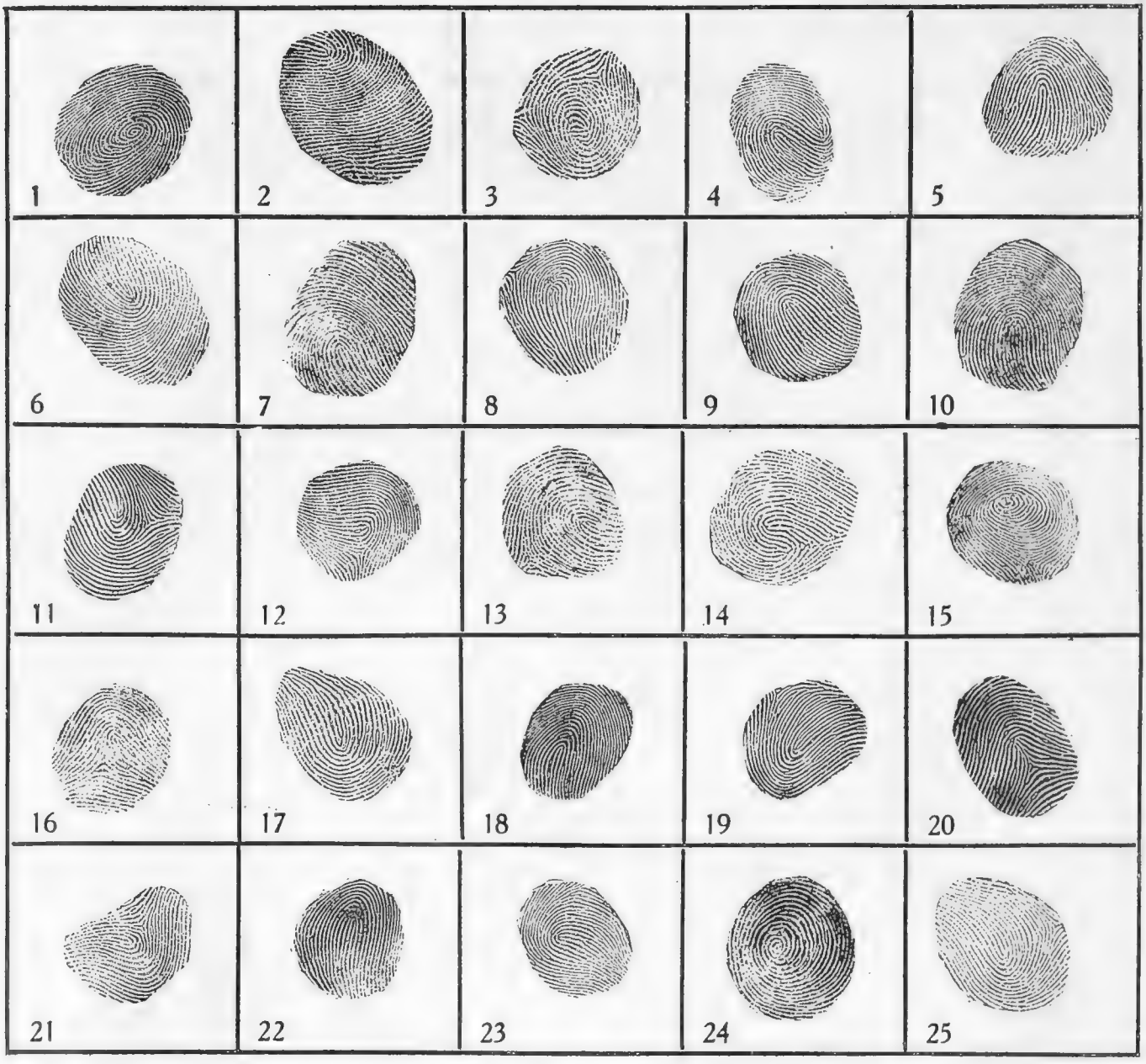


SELECTION No. 12

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before August 31. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, September 14. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of September 23) examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own finger-print from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims in the case of the selection reproduced above should reach us by first post on Wednesday, September 16, the envelope being marked "CLAIM No. 12."

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 14

September 9, 1925

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, Sept. 14

Only one thumb to be placed in this square.

A list of prize-winners who successfully identified their finger-prints in our tenth selection (published August 26) will be found on page 630

The World's Most Popular Gramophone

IMPROVED—BUT LOWER IN PRICE

The NEW Columbia GRAFONOLA

Indisputably a Revolution in Gramophone TONE!

AN ingenious Automatic "Repeater" Device and Automatic Stop is a new refinement exclusively to be found in this season's high-class models of the famous Columbia Grafonola—an advance that places these instruments still farther ahead of all other gramophones.

By this device, at the touch of a button, a record will play, without attention, two or three times in succession, and automatically stop at the conclusion.

In its operation this invisible device is almost uncanny. Its action is fascinating to watch. Its performance is a certainty.

It is a refinement that gives added pleasure in the automatic repetition of favourite records, and for doubling or trebling the playing of records used for dancing.

It is part of the new regular equipment of all Columbia models from £35 upwards.

Ask for name of nearest dealer where it can be seen in operation.

New "Repeater" Device

Plays a Record Once, Twice or Three Times in Succession.

and a Reduction in Prices.

INCREASED production due to immense sales, has permitted the announcement of REDUCED PRICES of the Columbia Grafonola—prices that render the Columbia the finest gramophone values in the world. Here are some examples:

22A.	TABLE GRAND.	Oak . .	(£15 15s.)	NOW £13 10s.
23A.	,, ,,	Mahogany.	(£17 10s.)	NOW £14 10s.
25A.	CABINET.	Oak . .	(£22 10s.)	NOW 17 Gns.
26A.	,,	Mahogany	(£26 10s.)	NOW £22 10s.
55A.	CONSOLE.	Oak . .	(£31 10s.)	NOW 25 Gns.

The following are among those fitted with New Repeater Device:

27A.	CABINET.	Mahogany		NOW £35
28A.	,,	Jacobean .	(£37 10s.)	NOW £35
29B.	,,	Walnut .	(£55) . .	NOW £50
60A.	CONSOLE.	Mahogany	(£55) . .	NOW £50

Ask for New Grafonola Catalogue.

No. 56A.
CONSOLE Type (Mahogany)
Formerly £32 10s.
NOW 26 Guineas.

New Catalogues of the Columbia Grafonola showing Reduced Prices, and Name of nearest Dealer, on application to COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

DOGGY HEALTH

SOME GENERAL TIPS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

ENTRIES for the Kennel Club Show close on Monday next, the 14th, so this is the last week in which you can enter your Dog for the world's most important 1925 Show: Dogdom's combination of Derby, Royal Academy, and biggest Court of the season.

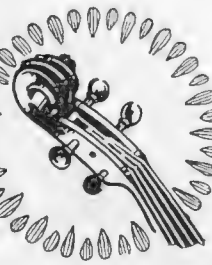
The Kennelman bows profoundly to the correspondent who writes: "Your veterinary hints are invaluable. Please give us more of 'em, and more detail; for nothing's more important than the *health* of our Dogs." But "detail" is just what cannot be purveyed in these brief Notes. Also, it's not always safe. Sauce for the goose is sometimes an emetic for the gander. When in doubt, get the nearest canine veterinary expert's advice, after examination. Generalizations, however sound, won't meet all emergencies. But they're useful, nay, essential, to keep at the back of your mind, if you would do full justice to your Dogs. Thus:—

Whether your Kennel be large or small, give it the benefit of your own personal observation, *every day*. Handle and study your Dogs, every day, noting condition of eyes, tongues, coats, skins, breath, etc. Depression, lassitude, indifference—these are foreign and unnatural to the Dog, and certain indications of ill-health. Apart from trouble due to infection, such as distemper, the two main causes of ill-health in Dogs are (1) faulty dietary; (2) internal parasites, *i.e.*, worms. Treatment for worms is simple, and can be made sure and safe, but frequently fails for lack of the precise care in administration which it demands. The most expert authority known to Kennelman is Mr. R. E. Nicholas, of Bitterne Park, Hants. (Send stamped addressed envelope with enquiry.)

With regard to feeding, the bedrock basis of doggy health, remember that the Dog is carnivorous, and that, even more than most creatures, what he needs is feeding, *i.e.*, nutrition, rather than filling. His digestive apparatus is more like an anthracite stove than a coke furnace. He's not a bit pig-like; no good at burning up rubbish. Good, concentrated fuel in strictly measured quantity, not mere bulk, is what he wants; and for him the *best* feeding is the most economical in all ways.

Take note of this, the tip of a well-known Bulldog breeder: "In those breeds in which weight and massiveness are most desired the health level is apt to be much lower than it is in the breeds in which weight is feared. Owners want to see Whippets, Greyhounds, Setters, Pekingese and the like, perfect in health and strength, but rather on the lean, spare side. Accordingly, in health and spirits, in general fitness and average of condition, they are a way ahead of the breeds in which weight and fat are reckoned assets. There's no need for Bulldogs to be burdensome to themselves and wheezy nuisances to everyone else. Guarded against overfeeding and under-exercising, they can be kept as fit and spry and jolly as any ratting Terrier."

Intending exhibitors are hereby warned that it is grossly wrong to exhibit a Dog within a week or two of recovery from distemper. There is no safety from infection in less than four to six weeks. Bitch in whelp—better not shown during the three weeks preceding birth of pups. Treat for worms during first month of gestation, but not later.



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GASFILLED ELECTRIC LAMPS

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All Electricians, Ironmongers & Stores sell them

2378

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH

"You always do look lovely, Mummie—but what would you do without 'Nugget'."

There's a "Nugget" shade for every shoe made. Sold everywhere in 3d. and 6d. tins.

872

The PHIT-EESI BANTAM WEIGHT

Stocked in BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER

30/-

Postage 6d.

YOU do not realise until you have worn the Phit-eesi "BANTAM WEIGHT" what a world of meaning there is in the expression "foot glove." Admittedly it has been used before, but never more appropriately. Here is a shoe that seems to become part of the foot. You are conscious only of supple support, in short, they do not "remind" you. As for appearance—well, Bond Street offers nothing smarter. Bearing in mind the weather—the soles are damp-proof.

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SINGLE SHOE SENT ON APPROVAL IF DESIRED.

C.O.D.—For Overseas Orders take advantage of the Post Office Cash on Delivery system, or where this is not available we send through any Bank. A deposit of 5/- required on all C.O.D. orders. Money instantly returned if not perfectly satisfied. Overseas postage, 3/-.

ABBOTT W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD. PHIT-EESI

44, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

(Next to the Monico)

THE BRITISH **BERKEFELD** FILTER

Filter Cylinder

SARDINIA HOUSE KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2

Riley's Billiard Tables *for the home.*

If you need a dining table, buy a Riley 'Combine' Billiard and Dining Table (Oak or Mahogany, any shade). It will provide endless amusement for the family. Cash Prices from £22 10s., or in 13 or 20 monthly instalments. Carr. paid. Free packing case. 7 days' approval.

Send for FREE Price List

E. J. Riley Ltd. Elder Works, Accrington.

THE GRAPHIC

The issue for 12th September will contain among other interesting features :—

The Prince's Visit to Chile : Santiago and the Grandeur of the Andes.

The Centenary of the Omnibus : Quaint vehicles of a bygone age.

The Lascar Sailorman : An interesting sidelight on the shipping strike.

First *and* Foremost *for* 40 YEARS.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

of Stationers and Jewellers

The Pen Book free from L. G. SLOAN, LTD., The Pen Corner Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

"THERE are several kinds of Trouts," said Izaak Walton, "but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts."

Of hats also there are many, but even to the uninitiate there is a marked difference between some hats and others. And those well versed in hat lore do not generalise. Their preference is for the hats they know by name—the hats which are called "Lincoln Bennetts."

SOFT FELTS are 21/-, 27/6 & 32/6

for the most part, but extra fine qualities at 37/6 and 45/- are also in considerable demand.

BOWLERS are 21/-, 26/- and 30/-

excepting such specialities as the "L.B." Hand-made at 31/6, the Self-conforming Bowler at 35/-, and the famous "Pull-over" make at 42/-.

TWEED CAPS from 10/6

Write for a copy of our interesting booklet "Felt Hats, and what they are made of."

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Lincoln Bennett HATS

of Character and Reputation

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THE "unmethodical explorations" of that admirable artist, Mr. Donald Maxwell, have been continued with the most pleasing results in the County of Essex. I may be wrong, but it has always seemed to me that Essex has never received its due meed of recognition. There must be whole libraries about Kent and Sussex and the Wessex country and Cornwall. The Cotswolds have lured thousands of artists and writers to their picturesque stretches, and the Chilterns are equally well known, but Essex seems, somehow, to have escaped much attention. Well, in any case, Mr. Maxwell has now put matters right. In his agreeable company you are perfectly safe. You know that under his guidance you will immediately leave the roads, with their petrol-pumps and their advertisement-covered houses, and ramble off into the delightfullest corners.

❀

AND so, indeed, it is with *Unknown Essex* (Lane: 15*s.* net), a gracious book which is in part pleasantly full of the right sort of gossip, and in part commendably learned and wise. You are first taken down the Thames—who knows the Thames really well below the Tower Bridge?—and come to the most fascinating bits of places, islands which, I swear, nobody before Mr. Maxwell ever set eyes on, queer stretches of marsh, an odd little world by itself. Then up country, so to speak, to old-time villages which the motor-cars seem to have ignored, jolly old manor-houses, picturesque mills, and historical spots which, however, are generally known only by name.

❀

THE thirty plates in colour are a sheer joy, and there must be close on a hundred of those delicate black-and-white sketches which Mr. Maxwell does so exceedingly well. As for his text, it is just what it should be. There are historical vignettes and personal adventures, little yarns of the natives, and an appreciable amount of what is generally called "useful information." Altogether the new book is on a par with its predecessors, and higher praise could hardly be given.

❀

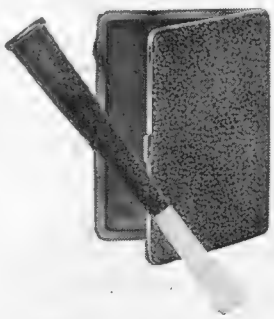
BYSTANDER readers will be well acquainted with the lighthearted work of Mr. A. A. Thomson, who seems able to obtain the right kind of fun out of anything. In *Bumbledinky* (Mills and Boon: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) he has collected together a dozen or more of his burlesques, and very amusing they are. The thriller, the septuagenarian's volume of polite reminiscences, the "he-man" romance, the sporting yarn—these are some of the literary outpourings of to-day, which are unmercifully "guyed." And at the end are given some adventures of one Uncle Steve, which must be read to be believed. They are written, by the way, in a strange foreign language. A friend of mine tells me that this was invented by the natives of Hollywood, who wished to converse without being understood by the police, but I doubt whether that is the truth.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE

An unusual view in Harrogate, showing the Royal Baths. This suggests that the atmosphere of the Continental Spas may be found no further from London than a few hours' journey by rail

By Appointment

SHAGREEN FOR GIFTS



Shagreen and Silver-mounted Cigarette Case. Size 3½ by 2½ ins. £5 15 0
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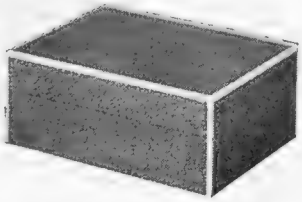
Gold-mounted Shagreen Cigarette Tube with Ivory Mouthpiece. Complete in Velvet-lined Case.. £1 15 0



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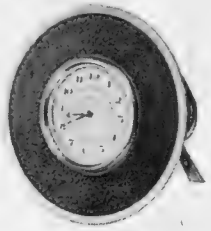

Eight Day Travelling or Boudoir Clock, with Shagreen and Ivory Front £5 15 0

Shagreen Bridge Box with Ivory Borders, complete with four packs of cards .. £6 15 0

At the Showrooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company will be found a most interesting and effective display of useful and distinctive gifts in Shagreen.

Photographs and particulars sent on request.

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Liqueur in Havana Cigars

worthy heir to "the King of igars"—differing in size but heriting all the qualities of erfection. The eal of all cigar nokers. Havana's Masterpiece in iniature."

all high-class bacconists 112/6 r box of 100, and /6 per box of 25

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ELBOURNE HART & Co., London, E.C.2.

Actual Size

Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S
AIREDALES
Best Remedy against Cat Burglars.
Specially trained for house protection against **Burglars**; best guards for ladies living or walking alone; safe children; not quarrelsome. From **10 Gns.**, Pups **5 Gns.**; large selection on view daily. Trains every 15 mins. from Waterloo. "Clock House," Weybridge (near Brooklands), Surrey.

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ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR
CROWN
COMPLEXION POWDER

In dainty compact form, 1/6

Gives nature's bloom

105-202 CROWN PERFUMERY CO. LTD.

For fair Hair

VAN WILLIAMS
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all Chemists and Hairdressers.

THE NEW OPAL LAMP

STRONG POWERFUL LIGHT, WITH PERFECT DISTRIBUTION AND POSITIVELY WITHOUT A PARTICLE OF HARMFUL GLARE. A GLOBE WITH A BEAUTIFUL CLEANING SURFACE AND PROTECTED INSIDE BY A SKIN OF CRYSTAL GLASS PREVENTING ALL DISCOLOURATION . . . . . .

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT CURE GIVEN.

EITHER SEX TREATED.

Read what Melbourne Inman says :

"The Solray treatment is wonderful. ***I have finished with shaving.***"

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Consultations Free.

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NEW ERA
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OF ALL HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.

Write for Catalogue No. 50.

OPPENHEIMER'S
PIPES WITH A PEDIGREE
LONDON

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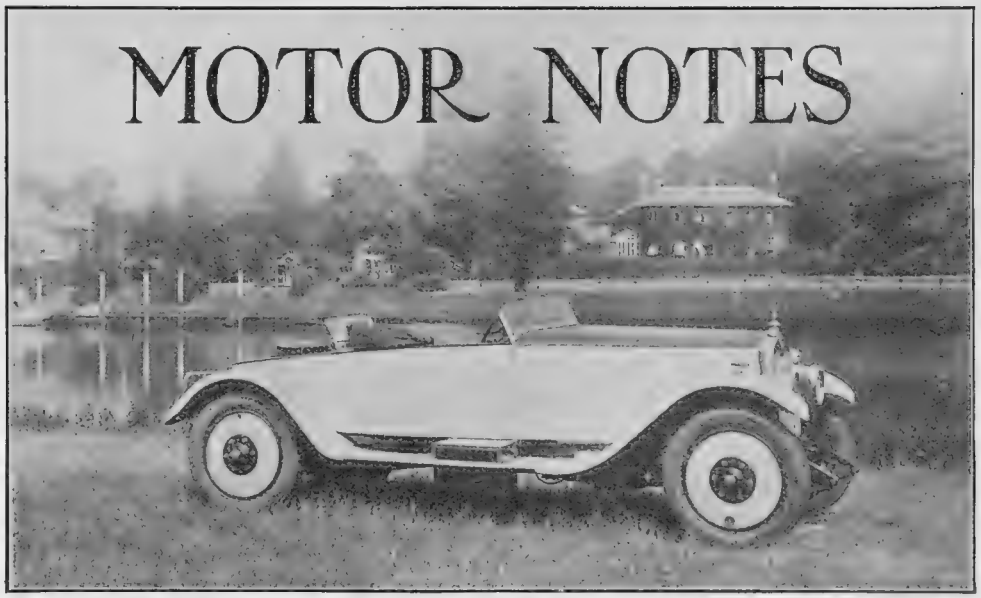
MOTOR NOTES



A NEAT SPORTS MODEL

The body lines of this 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester follow those of a boat, the top of the body being decked and of polished teak. The top of the bonnet is painted brown to match the woodwork, and the rest of the body white

One of the most interesting announcements of recent times has been that of the reduction in prices of the different Morris cars. It is now possible to obtain a British built two-seater at the price of £162 10*s.* 0*d.* With reference to this recent reduction, I have received a most interesting letter from Mr. W. R. Morris, the governing director. Last season 50,000 Morris cars were produced, so he tells me, and thanks to the impetus to trade which has been given by the re-imposition of the import duties, Morris Motors, Ltd., are increasing their production for next year. Considering the series of serious road fatalities which have taken place this season, Mr. Morris has adopted the principle that the popular types of car, such as are owned and driven by the general public, must be made absolutely safe to drive. As a result, all new Morris cars will be equipped with four-wheel brakes. The prices of the Morris-Cowley models so equipped are lower than those of their predecessors which had only rear brakes. Purely for the benefit of those who regard first price of paramount importance, three of the Morris-Cowley models will also be sold without front wheel brakes.

* * *

Another difficulty—I am still quoting from Mr. Morris—is the dazzling headlamp danger. If a car is to be driven at anything approaching speed at night, it must have powerful headlamps, and these often constitute a very real danger to other road users. Therefore, on the larger, more powerful and faster Morris models—the Morris-Oxford cars—Barker dipping headlamps are being fitted as standard to cope with this difficulty. From figures which have recently been published it would appear to be a fairly safe claim that Mr. Morris is responsible for the production of 50 per cent. of the total number of British cars.

* * *

I have recently had brought under my notice a most useful publication for those who desire to motor in Switzerland. It is an atlas specially prepared for the motorist by the Swiss National Tourist Office. It is of pocket size, and is in no way intended to compete with the excellent but somewhat voluminous guides edited by the Swiss A.C. and the Swiss Touring Club, but it is intended in some way to form the complement of them. It comprises a general map of the roads leading to Switzerland, an index map with an explanation of the signs adopted, and, in addition, eight maps of the different Swiss regions. There are also sixteen town maps, a number of itineraries, the laws and regulations, particulars of the postal motor coaches, the customs houses, etc.

* * *

Among motorists some of the worst and some of the best photographers that I have ever met are to be numbered. A camera forms a very useful adjunct to the car, whatever the skill of the owner. Motorists now have an opportunity of securing a camera free from the Zenith Carburetter Co., Ltd. The makers of this popular carburetter are desirous of completing their already extensive records by making a census of all motor-cars and lorries now on the roads, with details of the carburetter employed. To everyone who will send the Zenith people details of twenty-five vehicles, a Hawk Eye camera, made and guaranteed by the Kodak Company, will be presented free. Motor-cycles are barred from the competition. This offer is naturally open only for a limited period, and Bystanders requiring free cameras should at once apply for an entrance form to their own garage or to the Zenith Company.

* * *

For the whole of this week a special display of all forms of Exide batteries will be found at the depots of the suppliers of these excellent storage cells. I am told that 450 service stations and thousands of traders are making special displays of the scores of different types of Exide batteries. For whatever purpose the motorist may require a battery, whether for his car, his wireless set, or his house lighting system, he will be able during the current week to inspect all the types suitable for his particular purpose.

* * *

A car which is bound to attract considerable attention at the forthcoming Olympia Show will be the new 1½-litre Alfa-Romeo. This car has a six-cylinder mono-bloc engine, which has an overhead camshaft and overhead valves. Special arrangements have been made to prevent the slightest engine vibration, and all the subsidiaries, such as the magneto, dynamo, water-pump, etc., are most accessibly arranged. A multiple disc clutch is fitted, together with four speeds and reverse with centre change. Four-wheel brakes are provided as standard, while the chassis is made in two lengths. From my experience of the larger Alfa-Romeo, I anticipate that this smaller model will be very distinctive in its performance.

* * *

I will now add my contribution to the controversy on the great question of driving licences. It has suddenly struck some of the Great Unpaid that a deaf, dumb and blind man can obtain a motor driving licence, without question, on payment of 5*s.* This, in their view, is a terrible state of affairs, and all manner of suggestions are being put forward regarding driving tests, certificates of physical fitness, etc. The whole joke of the thing is that the driving licence at present is not a certificate of proficiency, but simply and solely a card of identification, somewhat similar to a passport. Whatever changes may be made in the new Roads Bill, the driving licence merely permits one to drive, however badly, in the same way that a dog licence allows one to keep a dog, however low bred. A car must not be taken on the road unless the driver has a licence, and, after all, the poor man has to learn to drive somewhere. One of the best suggestions I have seen is that cars with novices at the wheel should bear some distinctive mark, in the same way that four-wheel braked cars are indicated.

George C. Stead.

THE THREE-LITRE BENTLEY

A very smart speed model of this car, recently supplied to Mr. Phil Padden. The Weymann saloon body is by Gurney Nutting

THE
BYSTANDER
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4

No. 1,136.—Vol. LXXXVII. Wednesday, September 9, 1925 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

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RICKMANSWORTH.
1 mile from Station.

THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE AND WELL-PLANNED MODERN HOUSE, containing: 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. MAIN DRAINAGE. COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS.
¼ ACRE GARDEN. Gravel Soil.
Garage.
PRICE £3,500 FREEHOLD.
Inspected and recommended by
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (R.1191)

KENT.
9 miles from Tonbridge.
OLD RED-BRICK GEORGIAN HOUSE, nicely situated ½ mile from a station: 3 excellent reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom.
CO.'S WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE. GAS.
CHARMING OLD GARDENS of 2½ ACRES.
Garage for two. Stabling, and gardener's flat over.
ONLY £3,000 FREEHOLD.
Inspected by
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (K.29483)

COOKHAM DEAN, BERKS.
On a Southern Slope, 300 ft. up.
"BREWOODS CLOSE," WINTER HILL.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE: courtyard approach, conservatory entrance, hall, 3 reception rooms, offices, 2 staircases, 9 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms.

CO.'S WATER. CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Glasshouse, garage, stabling, chauffeur's accommodation.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS, in all nearly 3 ACRES.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1 on Tuesday, the 29th September, 1925, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitor, R. E. WILBRAHAM, Esq., 1, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4.

Particulars from the Auctioneers.
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

IN A YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE AT
BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, ESSEX.
Close to Station, River, Golf, and Yachting Clubs.
"HILL HOUSE."

OLD-FASHIONED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, on high ground, with good views, approached by long drive, and containing: 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 baths, 2 staircases, hall, 4 reception rooms, and offices. Annexe of 7 rooms. Cottage. Dance and card room. Garage. Farm buildings. Glasshouses.
PLEASURE GROUNDS AND GARDENS of about 5½ ACRES.
CO.'S GAS AND WATER. INDEPENDENT HOT WATER SYSTEM.
TELEPHONE. GRAVEL SOIL.
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Solicitors, Messrs. GANE and SON, 4, Warwick Court, Gray's Inn, W.C.
Particulars from the Auctioneers,
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EPSOM, SURREY.
Half a mile from centre of Town, ¾ mile from two railway stations and close to the famous Downs.
AN ATTRACTIVE AND WELL-PLANNED FREEHOLD HOUSE, "BRIAVELS," in secluded position about 200 ft. up. Approached by carriage drive and containing: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases, 3 reception rooms and compact offices.
CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS, AND MAIN DRAINAGE.
Stabling, garage and man's rooms, and
LOVELY OLD GARDEN, in all about 1 ACRE.
WITH VACANT POSSESSION.
To be SOLD by AUCTION, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, 6th October, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).
Solicitors, Messrs. RAVENSCROFT WOODWARD and Co., 15, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.
Particulars from the Auctioneers,
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

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Like a Good Cigar

The man who smokes a good cigar did not become a connoisseur of cigars overnight Good taste is not a matter of instinct, but of long and patient education. Its acquisition is a pilgrimage towards the ideal

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The articles in the "Evening Standard" are the work of connoisseurs. Those who read them become also connoisseurs. That is why a good cigar and the "Evening Standard" are so often to be seen in the same company.

LET THE

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B9

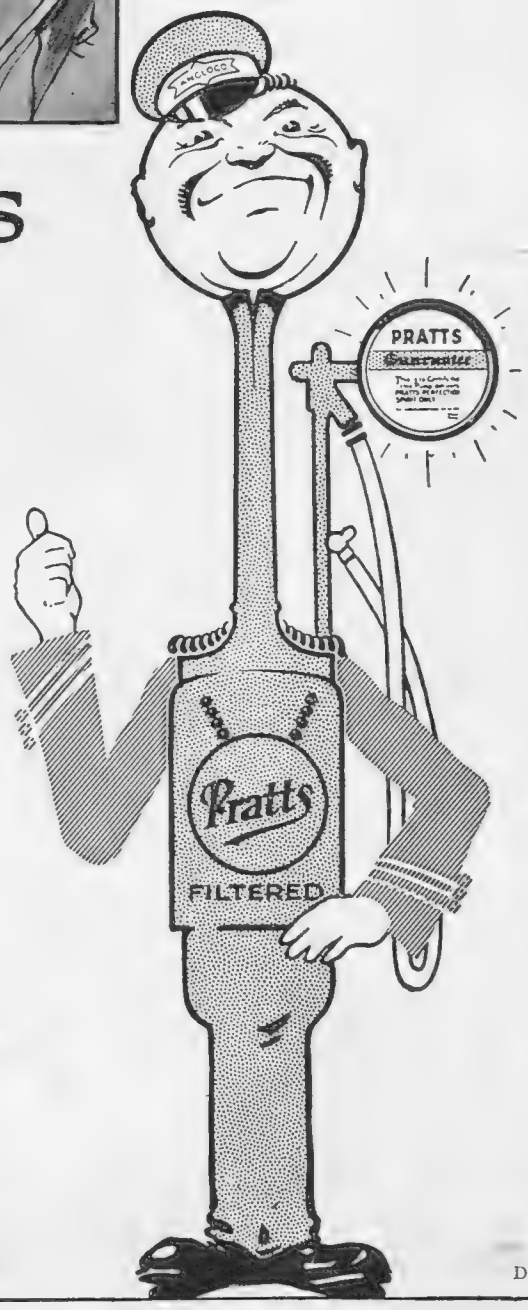
What I see on the Road

by Tommy Pratt-kins OF THE PETROL PATROL

No 5

Wisdom on Hills

WHY some motorists try to rush up a hill on top gear is a mystery to me. The gear box is intended for use on hills and in traffic. Of course, many drivers try to get up a hill on top because they dislike changing down, but with a little practice this operation becomes quite noiseless. When a steep hill is reached, change into lower gear early. This gives you an ample reserve of power in hand. Then with a reliable fuel in your tank—Pratts of course—even the steepest hill can be taken comfortably. When descending hills change into lower gear. The most dangerous hill in the country can be descended slowly and under perfect control if drivers would stop and change into low gear to begin with. The throttle can then be closed without shutting off the engine, which acts as its own brake. Of course, the engine will soot up with some petrols, but this is avoided by purchasing only Pratts Perfection, the guaranteed pure, uniform and reliable spirit from the Golden Pump.



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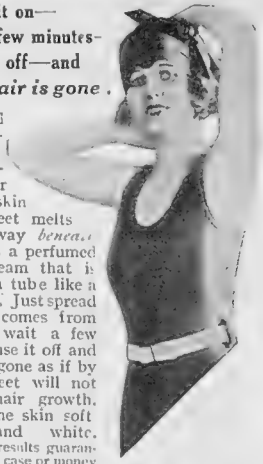
VEET CREAM

1. Spread it on—
2. Wait a few minutes—
3. Rinse it off—and
4. *The Hair is gone.*



Razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface. Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Veet is a perfumed velvety cream that is put up in a tube like a tooth paste. Just spread it on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Veet will not stimulate hair growth. It leaves the skin soft smooth and white. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Used by two million women. It may be obtained from all chemists, hairdressers and stores for 3/- and 1/6. Also sent in plain wrapper upon receipt of purchase price plus 6d. for postage and packing (trial size by post for 6d. in stamps). Dire Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 379M), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1. *Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes—they are often more expensive too.*

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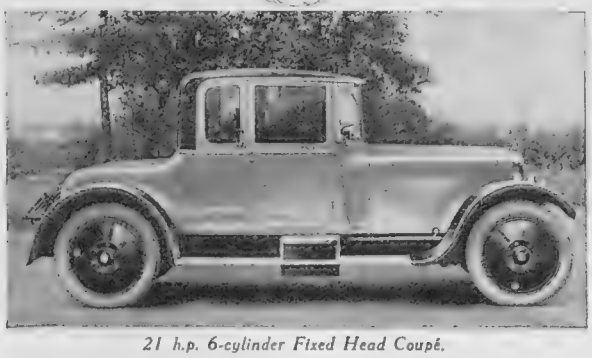

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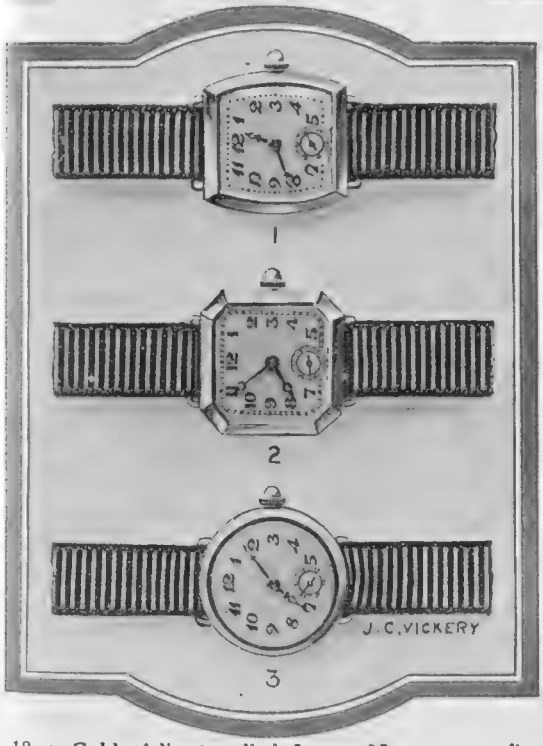

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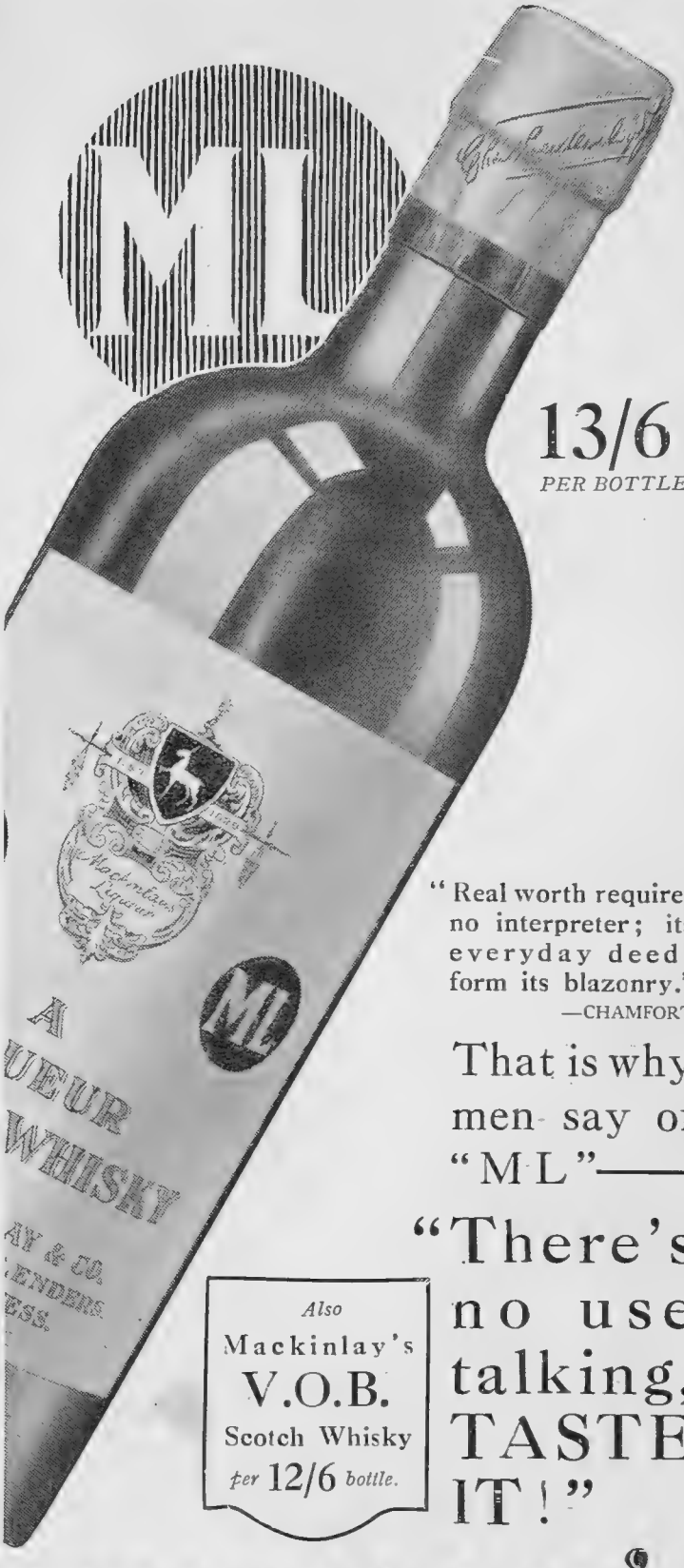

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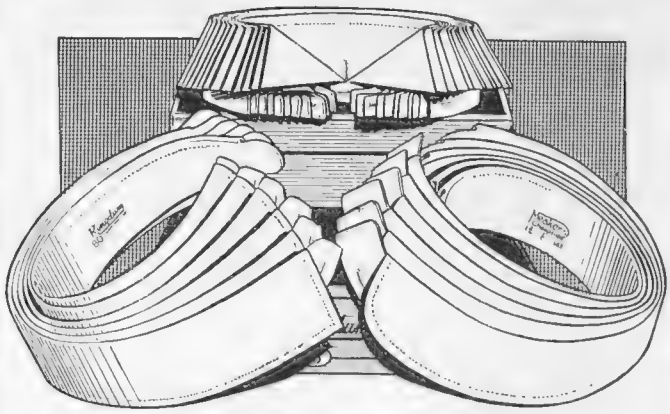

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There are thirty styles to choose from, made four sizes to the inch.

The double shapes have a natural Tie Groove which allows the tie to slide freely.

10½d. each—Six for 5/-

You are cordially invited to go into any of the 27 Meakers Shops and try on as many different collars as you wish without obligation.

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JUMPER BLOUSES
At Special Prices

ATTRACTIVE Jumper (as sketch) in rich quality crepe de Chine, tucked fronts with the new Eton collar, finished small black bow. Cut on long slim lines. In Ivory, Cedar, Grey, Champagne and Black.

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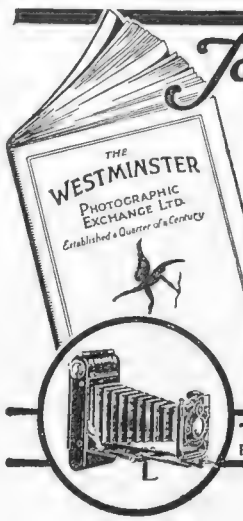

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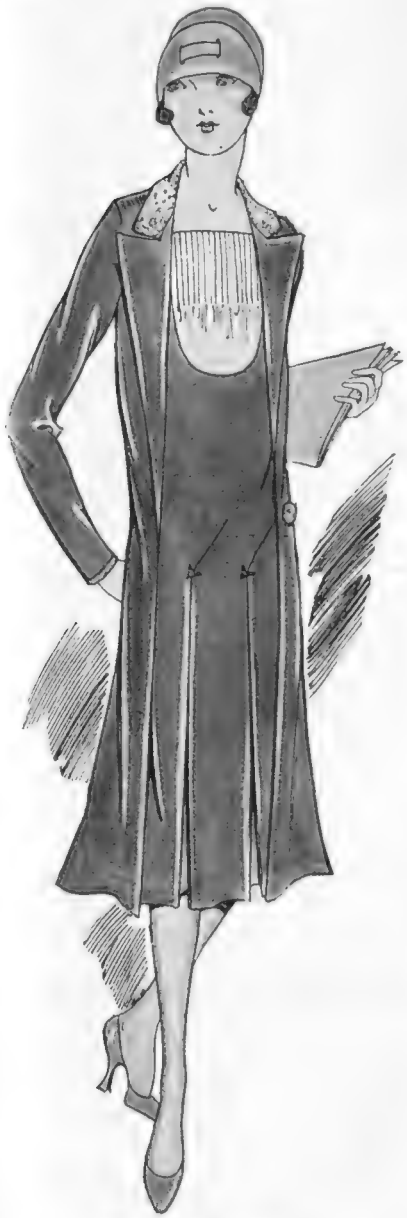
Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

MORE elusive than ever are the simple dress effects now being achieved. Far from being really simple, they are in many instances exceedingly intricate and complicated. Thus an apparently straight-down dress will reveal, on close inspection, inserted and curved side-pieces brought from beneath the arm to below the hips. There are flares in skirts that seem mysteriously to emerge out of seams, and pleats are cunningly contrived in an all-one-cut, a feat that is portrayed in the sketch of a two-piece, a design that is carried out in bottle-green face cloth, attention being drawn to the pleats by worked sprat heads and lightly worked diagonal lines of silk. At the back, the coat is decidedly shaped by seams and darts, both pressed out of all visible existence, the fronts falling straight, surmounted by a collar of lizard skin, while the U-shaped opening in front of the frock is filled in by a tucked vest of tea-coloured georgette. And this is the type of two-piece that will prevail exhaustively in heavy-weight kashas, face-cloth and tweeds, all severely tailored and pressed.



THE SIMPLE EFFECT

A two-piece suit, carried out in bottle-green face cloth. Attention is drawn to the cunningly contrived pleats by sprat heads and lightly worked diagonal lines of silk. The collar of lizard skin, and tucked vest of tea-coloured georgette, provids the necessary contrast

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Fur on Everything

INCRUSTATIONS, narrow and wide applied bands, inset flares, cuffs, collars and linings will all figure in fur of every known and unknown description. On evening toilettes it promises to be particularly conspicuous. A gold tissue-trimmed sealskin is lovely, and an orange lace woven in stripes creates a most original dress, relieved by touches of mock chinchilla. This last is one of the most successful and cleverest faked furs of the season, as is also kink, somewhat similar, but rather browner in hue. Blonde is a much-favoured shade, and works in well with old vellum-tinted lace and all the natural kasha tones.

Then when fur is not employed, leather is—gilded or embossed leather suède and lizard-skin natural and dyed. There is a marked feeling for suède coats toned to skirts that are boldly plaided or checked, the coats sometimes embroidered and finished with fur collar and cuffs. Small detachable collars of fur have been seen with several advance autumn models. They are very *chic*, other high collars of the dress material fitting the throat closely without any bones.

Vests and Jabots

THE adjustable dicky front is playing an important rôle just now in dresses and coat frocks, also jabots. These dainty lingerie adjuncts serve to lighten up sombre-hued gowns. Deep ovals are scooped out of the front for the display of such fill-ups as are shown in the group illustrated above.

The example at the left-hand side is carried out in ecru-coloured handkerchief lawn, pin-tucked and trimmed up the centre with a row of small composite buttons to match the tie and accompanying dress. The other, of white washing satin, is fitted with a sort of polo collar, and decorated down the front with bows of black-satin ribbon. White pin-spotted muslin fashions the cascaded jabot, round the edges of which there are carried tiny *plissé* frills of coloured muslin, the stand-up collar having a deeper *plissé* frill to fall over the top.

FRILLS AND FRONTS

Jabots and adjustable dicky fronts are now much in demand to brighten up sombre-hued gowns. Deep ovals are made in the front of dresses for the display of such fill-ups as are shown in the above group

Sketched by "Peta"

Particularly suitable to wear with a coat and skirt is the *rabat* of fine lawn on which a hem is set of coloured lawn *fagot* stitched on to accord with the treatment of the turn-over collar.

A Trend Towards Capes and Cloaks

THE coat cape, the sleeveless cloak and the short sling cape are making a bid for favour, though it yet remains to be seen whether they are exploited to any great extent.

There seems, however, every possibility that the circular cloak will have a run expressed in fur, cloth and velvet. They are elegant and practical, being variously arranged with slits or slings for the arms to pass through, while not a few show deep yoke effects.

The short cavalier cape also has its uses in providing movement to a simple gown whether destined for day or evening. This is not necessarily a complete cape, more often than not merely two distinct pieces dropped from the back of the shoulders.

It is movement and flow that characterise all the new season's models. A revival that reveals great subtlety. Everything is tempered and refined, nothing clumsy or exaggerated. Materials, rich and heavy in appearance, though actually *souple* and light in fact, are in some large measure responsible for the effects procured.

Velvet will be very much worn; chiffon, panne, and a quality that has a faint rib in it. Everything points to that. Velvet coats, in particular, will accompany dresses of satin, georgette, and the soft kasha sort of woollens. In connection with dresses, it is allied with georgette and *mousseline de soie*.

Velvet hats are well to the fore, the majority and decidedly the most becoming rather larger than has been the case with winter headgear for some time. The best models are replete with clever line, in some instances inclining to resemble the tricorne. These are worn at a rakish angle, pulled well over one eye, and are either left absolutely plain, save for the introduction of a jewelled ornament, or have high upstanding loops of the same.

Of course these *chapeaux* are not cheap. From 4½ to 5 guineas represent the lowest sums asked, and any protest made by a would-be purchaser is met by the same retort: "But, Madame, this model is the very latest, and absolutely exclusive and hand-made."

So one must pay for ideas and expert workmanship, lacking which only the mediocre and ordinary is forthcoming.

A New Magazine

The man who knows his France, as well as he who is engaged in the pleasant task of getting to know it, will find much to interest him in a new magazine which is being published by the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway Co., whose London office is at 179, Piccadilly. *Voyages*, as this monthly revue is called, treats lightly, informatively and always interestingly of people, events and places, with particular reference to travelling throughout France. The magazine, which is attractively printed and illustrated, will undoubtedly prove useful as well as interesting to travellers.

"LISTENER'S LURE"

Miss Evelyn Laye, the well-known musical comedy actress, listening in. The set to which she is listening is a 5-valve Freed-Eisemann Neutrodyne long distance receiver

Round the World

Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I., who is conducting his seventh round-the-world tour this year, will leave with his party on November 20. The tour, which will last for about six months, will be first-class throughout, and the countries which will be visited are Ceylon, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, South Sea Islands, Honolulu, Japan, Canada and America, and as the tour will not comprise merely a brief visit to the seaport towns, but a thorough examination of the countries visited, it will be at once realised that Mr. Gray's tour will differ vastly from the usual stereotyped ones. Full particulars may be obtained from him at Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

A Recent Marriage

The wedding took place on September 2 at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, between Miss Violet Evelyn Tubbs, eldest daughter of A. Herbert Tubbs, Esq., J.P., of West Lodge Park, Hadley Wood, Middlesex, and Mr. Jack Thomas, son of A. M. Thomas, Esq., of Chip Chase, Hadley Wood. A reception was afterwards held at the Langham Hotel.

LE TOUQUET-Paris-Plage
(FRANCE)

SEPTEMBER SPORTS:

TENNIS.—International Tournaments, September 7th to 20th.

GOLF.—Autumn Meeting, September 10th to 21st.

LE TOUQUET 30 NEW APARTMENTS WITH BATHS.
Motor to Golf and Sea.
NEAR CASINO. IN THE FOREST. **HOTEL REGINA.** SPECIAL INCLUSIVE TERMS IN SEPTEMBER.

MONTE CARLO——THE MIRABEAU
SUMMER RESORT. *SEA BATHING.*
FACING SEA OPEN ALL YEAR

CABOURG *NORMANDY* One of the finest Resorts on the North Coast of France.
THE GRAND HOTEL
BATHING, GOLF, TENNIS AND ALL SPORTS. FINE CASINO.

HOTEL IMPERIAL—MENTON
Between Menton and Cap Martin.
THE LEADING HOTEL ON THE COAST
(OPEN TILL AFTER EASTER)
Belonging to the Ritz-Carlton Hotels Group of London. E.C. Seine 211.096B.

Royal Monceau Hotel
The Most Comfortable High-class Hotel.
250 Rooms. 250 Baths.
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THE CALIFORNIA
The Latest High-class Hotel. 250 Rooms—250 Baths.
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PARIS.

Here's the big secret of hair beauty

It is the secret and exclusive ingredient in Lavona Hair Tonic which makes it easily the finest thing known for beautifying the hair. This particular element possesses the powers of stimulating and revitalising the hair roots by penetrating deep into the scalp cells after ridding the head of all dandruff, scurf and other impurities. Well nourished hair roots mean healthy hair, and hair that is healthy cannot help but be beautiful as you will see for yourself when you have tried Lavona Hair Tonic for a few days. Back will come the rich colouring and the lustre with the natural waviness of hair that is well-kept. Once Lavona has got your hair into a state of perfect hair health its occasional use will enable you to retain a beautiful head of luxuriant hair free from premature greyness or thin places. For 2/11 at any chemists you can get a package of Lavona Hair Tonic which is unquestionably without equal for correcting the faults which ruin your chances of beautiful hair. Use the free shampoo first, then apply Lavona, and if you are not surprised and delighted with the results your money will be refunded in full.

YOUR HAIR MUST BENEFIT.

PRACTICAL SHIRT JUMPERS

FOR EARLY AUTUMN

We have now in stock our new Autumn Tailored Shirts and Jumpers, all of which are cut by our own expert tailors, and made from thoroughly reliable materials, which can be confidently recommended to give every satisfaction in wear. The garment illustrated is in washing crepe de Chine shirting.

SPORTS OVERBLOUSE (as sketch), in washing crepe de Chine shirting, trimmed bands of self material and pearl buttons, link cuffs and becoming collar with slight fullness from the shoulders. In Ivory, Saxe, Tan, Mushroom, Mauve, Orange Green and all new autumn colours.

In sizes 13 to 14½ inches:

PRICE **45/9**

In size 15 inches **2/-** extra.

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"Pasta Mack" is sold in elegant boxes by Chemists & Perfumers, 3/6 & 2/-. Wholesale: Wm. Edwards & Sons, 14/18, Nile Street, City Road, London, N.1.

Makers: H. Mack, Succrs.:—Ulm, O/D.

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A treat with all fruit

The Creamiest Custard

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW HATS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Model Millinery Dept. First Floor

Exact copy of a Descat model, *in Black Velvet bound and trimmed petersham* 4½ *Gns.*

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Jumper with Fair Isle Waistcoat Effect

PRICE £2

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Their productions include Harris and Homespun Tweeds, Shetland Lace Shawls (as tradition says: "So fine that they can pass through a wedding ring"), Jumpers, Dresses, Woven Plaids, Handmade Rugs, etc.

Our Illustrated Catalogue fully describes the work of the Highland Folk and will be sent you post free on receipt of a post card addressed to Miss Bruce, Secretary, Dept. B.

Highland Home Industries Ltd.

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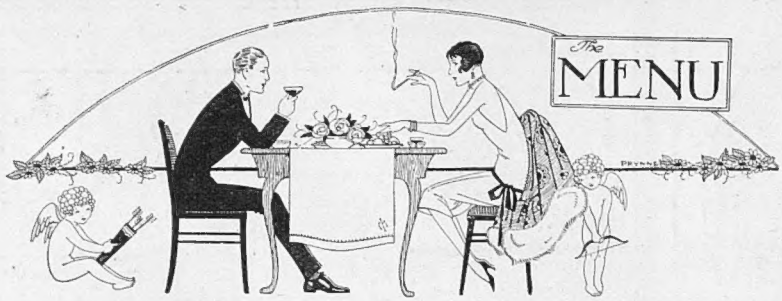

HOME-MADE JAMS AND JELLIES

Vegetable Marrow Jam
Blackberry and Apple Jam
Crab-Apple Jelly
To Preserve Plums for Winter Use
Damson Cheese Sloe Gin

Vegetab'e Marrow Jam

In answer to the request of a correspondent, the following recipe makes excellent vegetable marrow jam: To every 5 lbs. of marrow allow 5 lbs. of sugar, the juice of two lemons, 2 ozs. of preserved ginger and a large pinch of cayenne pepper. Put sugar and a little water to keep it from burning in the preserving-pan. When it is melted, add the marrow (cut up), ginger, cayenne and the juice of the lemons. Boil slowly for an hour or longer. The marrow looks clear when the jam is cooked.

Blackberry and Apple Jam

Five pounds of blackberries, 3 lbs. of apples, ¾ lb. of sugar to every 1 lb. of fruit and half a pint of water. Put the blackberries, the apples, peeled and cored, and 1 lb. of sugar into a stewpan, and let it stew gently until the fruit is quite soft, then strain through a cloth, and to every 1 lb. of pulp put ¾ lb. of sugar. Let it boil one and a half hours.

Crab-Apple Jelly

There is a plentiful supply of crab-apples this autumn, and they can be made into very nice jelly for dessert. Take off the stalks, weigh and wash the crab-apples, then to each 1½ lbs. add a pint of water, and boil them gently until they are broken, but do not let them boil to a pulp. Pour the whole into a jelly-bag, and when the juice is quite transparent weigh it, put it into a clean preserving-pan, boil it quickly for fifteen minutes, take it from the fire and stir in it until dissolved ¾ lb. of preserving sugar to each 1 lb. of the juice; boil the jelly from fifteen to twenty minutes, skim it very clearly and pour it into small moulds. The jelly, which should be a nice bright colour, makes an attractive dessert dish.

To Preserve Plums for Winter Use

Gather the plums when green, put them in bottles or jars holding about 2 lbs. Strew over them some powdered sugar, and cover down tightly with two separate bladders on each. Stand the bottles in a large pan of cold water up to their necks, putting hay between to prevent them from knocking against each other, and boil gently till the skins of the plums break, which will be in about three hours. Let the bottles cool in the water.

Damson Cheese

Put the damsons into a jar, stand them in a pan of boiling water over the fire, and cook gently till quite tender, then press out the juice; now remove the skins and stones of the damsons, weigh them, and boil till they become a dry paste; add 6 ozs. of pounded sugar to each 1 lb. of fruit, stir them together off the fire till the sugar is dissolved, then cook all together again till the mixture will leave the sides of the pan quite clean. Press it into jars, and cover down tightly with paper, the under piece being dipped in brandy. This damson cheese will keep for a long time.

Sloe Gin

In'o a two-gallon jar put three quarts of picked, dry, and sound sloes, ½ lb. of brown sugar candy (or loaf sugar) pounded, ½ oz. of bitter almonds, or sloe kernels. Put over this one gallon of best unsweetened gin. Let the jar be well shaken occasionally. Be careful that the corks are airtight. Damsons can be used instead of sloes, and answer equally well.

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TRY
ELLIMAN'S
EMBROCATION
2/- and 4/- per bottle.
AT ANY CHEMIST OR STORE.
MADE BY ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH.

HEADACHE?
—then take
GENASPRIN
(The SAFE BRAND of Aspirin)
Sold by all chemists—price 2/-
per bottle of 35 tablets
GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH. LEICS.

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THIN, SOFT
STRONG & SILKY
The most perfect TOILET PAPER ever produced
Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 25, Grove Park, S.E.5.

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"GAIETY"
Assorted Chocolates
Of all Meltis assorted chocolates, the variety called "GAIETY" is perhaps the most popular
4/- per lb. box. 2/3 per ½ lb. box.

"The Major"

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Cigarettes stored near the Sea may become flabby and bitter unless protected. Every packet of ARMY CLUB cigarettes is wrapped in tissue and foil, and is further protected by a sealed damp-proof wrapper, rendering it air-tight and guaranteeing unvarying condition and quality.

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Plain or Cork Tips

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

Cavander's Ltd. (Est. 1775).

Pioneers of Hygienic Cigarette Packing.

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

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